THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVI No 16 — E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, MARCH 15th, 1927.

Historical Society

Scientifically Packed

"SALADA" TEA

T58

As free from dust as tea can be.

HOLSTEINS

Females, 4-year olds and 2-year olds, with records over 14,400 lbs., 8000 and 5700 lbs. respectively, with ordinary care. Also yearling males and females and spring calves.

JOHN L. WILSON,
15-tf Enterprise, Ont.

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Interior and Exterior Decorating, Paper Hanging and Graining.

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For Fire Insurance try
ALFRED McCUTCHEON,
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A number of compaines to choose from.

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THE

Belleville Nurseries!

30 years under the same management is our guarantee of satisfactory dealing.

30 DAYS SPECIAL PRICES
ON ALL NURSERY STOCK

Nursery Stock Catalogue on request.

W. C. REID,
179 Dundas St.
BELLEVILLE - ONT.
14

The First Showing of Spring Millinery

On Thursday, March 17th

and following days

Chic Spring Hats

More time and care has been taken in creating these new Spring Fashions, in the hand they are hats with a certain originalty of design, on the right head they are chic personified.

They express the fashion-lore of Paris in their complete mastery of line.

Their deft folds and twists, their trick of combining colors of applique on silk, or straw of felt, or straw on grosgrain.

Parabuntal, Balibuntal, Crochet Straws, Italian hand-made Braids, Felt and Straw, Felt and Petersham Quilted Taffeta are of the high mode.

—NEW SCARFS,
—NEW SILK HOSE
In all Sizes and Shades.

DOXSEE & CO.
The Leading Millinery House

New Spring Suits
Tailored to Your Order

100 Pattern Suitings at $22, $24, $27, $30, and $32 a Suit.

Our Suits at **$35, $40, and $45** are made from finest Cloth and Materials obtainable. Every yard imported and fully guaranteed.

W.W.ADAMS
Merchant Tailor.
Men's and Boys' Wear
Newburgh, - Ont.

Congress Playing Cards, recognized as the finest in the world, $1.00 a package in either Bridge or ordinary. Other cards 40 and 50c. at Wallace's Drug Store.

FOR SALE—1 cutter and a pair of Musk-ox robes for sale. Apply to BOX 156. 15-tf

CAPABLE MAID WANTED. Apply MRS. T. M. GALBRAITH, Dundas street. Good wages. 16-tf

FARM TO RENT—One mile from Napanee, 120 acres. Apply C. H. SPENCER. 16-bp

NOTICE—Until further notice, The Gibbard Furniture Shops will not buy any more old newspapers. 16-b

LOST—In front of W. S. Herrington's house, on Tuesday, March 5th, 1 tire chain. Reward at Express Printing Office. 16

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

FOR SALE—3 h.p. gasoline stationary engine in good condition. Also saw table and belt, price $75.00. Apply E. W. VINE, Graham's Garage. 15

FOR SALE—Southeast quarter of Lot Number eight, in the fourth concession of Richmond, owned by Percy Snyder, 50 acres, Known as part Nelson Russell Farm. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ont. 43

FOR SALE—One hundred acre farm, five miles from Picton on county road, close to church, school and cheese factory. Good buildings, good land, spring watered pasture, about six acres of wood. Price reasonable. Apply to IRVIN UNGER, Elmbrook. Ont. 45-tf

FOR SALE—500 acre stock farm, also 140 acre stock farm within three miles of Stoco, known as the Foley Cattle Ranches. Well fenced, well watered, well timbered. Considered the best deep soil farms in Hastings County. Buildings in good conditions and being lots 26 and 27, con .6 and 7, also lot 22, con. 8, Township of Hungerford. Above farms will be sold together or separate. Price right. Easy terms. Must be sold to wind up estate. Apply CHAS. WHELAN, 29 Bridge street, Belleville, Ont. 15-b

FOR SALE—That desirable farm of the late Jas. Vine, being part of the Old Vandebogart property, adjoining the Corporation of the Town of Napanee. All newly fenced, tile drained, a barn on same suitable for tool house and hay barn, along with the residence at Vine's Corners. This is a real up-to-date home, equipped with hot water heating, electric lights, two never failing wells, one at barn, and the other at house. This place can be bought at once, as owner would rather be down town near business. For further information apply to Mrs. Jas. Vine, on premises, or at Vine's Electric Shop, Market Square, Napanee. 13

CREDIT SALE.

There will be offered for sale by Public Auction on Tuesday, March 22nd, 1927, commencing at the hour of 10 o'clock a.m., the farm stock and farming implements including an automobile, tractor, quantity of hay and seed grain, and a general list of farming utensils and equipments, being the property belonging to the estate of the late W. G. Schell, which sale will take place at the farm and home formerly owned and occupied by the said W. G. Schell, deceased, being lot number twenty-two in the third concession of the Township of Fredericksburgh, situate about one half mile east of Hildritch's blacksmith shop, Hamburg.

Ladies will serve lunch at 12 o'clock or any other hour of the day, at 15c. each.

Terms of Sale : $10.00 and under, Cash ; over that amount, 6 month's credit on approved joint notes bearing interest at 7 per cent. For details see posters.

MRS. CARRIE SCHELL,
Owner.
H. W. GALLAGHER,
Auctioneer.
13-d

TACTFUL.

"My dear, I have a splitting headache," said he. "Can't you manage to get rid of these people ?"

"Why, I can't very well show them the door," replied his wife. "What would you advise me to do ?"

"Certainly, you can't put them out," said the husband wearily, "but couldn't you set yourself at the piano ?"

Roll Wrapping in all widths.
Cotton Twine in cones.
EXPRESS PRINTING HOUSE.

IMPORTANCE OF MILK POWDER

As pointed out in the News Letter dated February 19, of the Dairy and Cold Storage Branch of the Agricultural Department at Ottawa, the trade in milk powder has become of considerable importance to the country. Totals for 1926 were not available at the date of the Letter, but in 1925 the production in Canada of whole milk powder was 2,843,942 lbs. valued at $567,339 and of skim milk powder 10,634,699 lbs., valued at $1,016,200, making a total of 13,478,641 lbs. and a value of $1,583,539. The Exports in the same year were 7,069,600 lbs., which returned $740,668. Quantity and value of exports increased in 1926.

The manufacture of milk powder in Canada was commenced at Brownsville Ont., in 1903. There are now twelve factories in Ontario and one each in Manitoba and British Columbia.

THE UNCROWNED KING

Lawrence Sells Book to Friends at $150 a Copy.

In the realm of high adventure undertaken at great risk for great ends there is no figure to-day more romantic and mysterious than Lawrence of Arabia—Col. Thomas Edward Lawrence.

He is the young Englishman who, single-handed, brought the Arab tribes to fight with the Allies in the world war and enabled Lord Allenby to defeat the Turks and end the eastern schemes of the Teutonic powers.

And now the world-wide interest in this young man is so great as to call forth from him his own account of his life, the first edition of which is now selling at $150 a copy in England. Even at that price, every copy of the book called "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom," was gobbled up within a few hours of publication.

For everyone knows that Lawrence, shy and reticent though he is, has a story to tell that may well startled the civilized world. Has he told it, and has he revealed something of his own mysterious personality? Unfortunately, the public at large will have to wait for the answer to that question. Lawrence has allowed only intimate friends to buy his book—and they are requested to write nothing about it!

To-day Lawrence is only 36 years old. At 27 he had performed deeds that were to rank in history with the most stirring of all time.

From first to last in his work, Lawrence carried his life in his hands and daily faced the possibility of the most appalling fate that could possibly befall a man. The Turks feared him more than any other living man, and placed a price upon his head, dead or alive, of $50,000.

They even offered a reward of $5,000 for his photograph!

Lawrence was actually captured, taken in front of a Turkish commandant and questioned. Owing to his fair skin and hair and his blue eyes, he passed as a Caucasian.

Searching questions were put to him as to whether he had ever come across "the man called Shereef Lawrence." And Lawrence, without a flicked of expression on his face, replied that he had seen the "Shereef" only once, some months before, but had not recently heard of his whereabouts.

As he also professed ignorance of the activities of the Arab forces, the Turkish commandent determined to stimulate his memory by means that usually moves the most silent of men to talk.

Lawrence was thereupon taken outside the tent, stripped, bound to a bench and lashed with a whip until, streaming with blodo, he became unconscious. In telling the story afterwards, he said that his only fear was that he might cry out in English instead of Arabic as he lost consciousness. Such an outcry would, of course, have betrayed him, and it would probably have taken him six months to die by terrible torture.

He was thrown into a tent, after the Turk had promised another dose of the whip in the morning, and a humane Turkish doctor took pity on his plight and dressed his wounds. Seared and aching, Lawrence could scarcely crawl, for every little movement was agony. Yet by five o'clock in the morning this astonishing young man had escaped and was once more among his beloved Arabs, who tended him with devotion.

To-day Col. Lawrence carries the marks of that flogging, and his back is silent witness to the brutality of his treatment. Yet that was not the young man's narrowest escape from death, for he was ever in the forefront of a long series of daring escapades undertaken to impress the minds of the Arabian chieftains.

Canada's Development.

Hon. T. A. Crerar, president of the United Grain Growers, predicts that Canada's development in the next fifty years will be unparalleled in history. Agriculture in this country is just starting a great forward movement, he said, and farmers have already invested $6,250,000,000 in the country.

Our Canal System.

By the canal system of Canada, 1,830 miles of waterways have been opened up to navigation. During the navigable season 30,000 vessels aggregating 16,800,000 tons passed through these canals carrying over 200,000 passengers and nearly thirteen million tons of freight.

Does it pay to feed Dr. Hess' stock or poultry tonic? Buy a pail of stock food and watch results. We guarantee it to pay for itself at least twice over, or money refunded. This applies when fed to cattle, horses or hogs. Full information at Wallace's, Napanee agents.

TOWN COUNCIL

Council Chamber,
March 9th, 1927.

A special meeting of the Town Council was held in the Council Chamber on Wednesday evening.

Present—Mayor Roy, Reeve Boyes and all the members of the Council.

Communication from the Provincial Secretary re indigents, was referred to the Clerk.

Communication from the Municipal Spraying and Oil Co., was referred to the streets committee.

Communication from the Globe Indemnity Co., re McTaggart, was filed.

Mr. W. S. Wilson addressed the Council on behalf of the Board of Commerce re Advertisement for town in Might's Directory.

On motion of Messrs. Howitt and Jewell, a special committee was named by Mayor Roy to confer with the Board of Commerce with power to act, the cost not to exceed $50.00. The Mayor named Councillors Howitt, Jewell and Kimmerly as the Committee.

The Treasurer's Report of Receipts and Expenditures to the first of March was read and adopted.

The Auditors presented their report of the town accounts for 1926, which was read and adopted and the Auditors ordered paid their salary, $60.00.

Moved by Cun. Simpson, seconded by Coun. Fitzpatrick, that the printing of the Auditor's Report be left in the hands of the Printing Committee with power to act.

On motion of Messrs. Kimmerly and Dunbar, the Mayor's chair was ordered refinished and upholstered at the cost of $15.00.

On motion of Messrs. Simpson and Dunbar the carter's license plates were ordered to be obtained by the Market and Police Committee.

The Treasurer was granted an order for $15.00 for Revenue Stamps.

Reeve Boyes reported on the delegation to wait upon the Minister of Highways re Centre Street paving. Chief Engineer Muir, of the Department, will visit Napanee and place the matter before the County Council at its first March session.

The following accounts were referred [illegible] committees : A. E. Paul, $7.[illegible] and $6.10 to Finance; Hydro account to Light Committee, with power to act ; Bell Telephone account to Clerk, with power to act.

ACCOUNTS.

The following accounts were ordered paid :

D. A. Anderson	$ 2 00
W. S. Wilson	28 65
George Lewis	1 50
P. Gleeson	16 75
Walter Smith	6 00
H. W. Huffman	17 71
E. McLaughlin	5 03
Martin & Son	15 00
J. L. Boyes & Son	20 79
F. S. Boyes	20 00

The Council adjourned.

Finest Separator Oil, that won't freeze or gum up your machine, 25c. a quart at Wallace's. Why pay more ?

CENTREVILLE.

Moving is the order of the day.

Mr. Alfred Milligan has moved to his residence in Enterprise, where he will deal in Massey-Harris machinery. Mr. George McKeown is moving onto Mr. Milligan's farm, which he purchased last fall.

Sagriff brothers are moving on the old Whelan farm, which Mr. McKeown vacated.

Several from this village attended the concerts given by the musical Eckardts in Tamworth and Enterprise and all report splendid programmes.

Mr. Henry Card has taken down his house at the north end of the school yard and moved it to his residence, where he intends erecting a fine kitchen, also a garage. This removes another Centreville landmark, as this house at one time served as one of the Methodist parsonages.

A large attendance turned out to church on Sunday evening and listened to a very impressive address given by Miss Duff, one of the field secretary's of the W.C.T.U.

Mr. Norman McKeown spent a few days last week with his brother, George.

Animal War Dead.

To the animal war dead, a memorial, the first of its kind, is being established at Wanstead, England. It will be in the form of a large sanatorium for the treatment of horses, mules, dogs, cats, monkeys, goats, pigeons and canaries, representing the principal animal and bird life which met death in service. No domestic animal or bird, however will be refused treatment.

King's Bromley Sold.

At public auction the village of King's Bromley, the home of Lady Godiva, who, according to legend, rode through Coventry clad only in a wealth of hair to relieve the villagers of a burdensome tax, has been sold. The sale marks the passing of another of the ancient landed estates of England.

Thatched Roofs to Be Banned.

Picturesque thatched roofs on thousands of cottages in Scotland will have to be replaced with incombustible materials under a bill which the Government plans to introduce in the British Parliament on the ground that the old style roofing is a danger to life.

Just when you need it.
Just where you need it.
Just as you need it.
That's REAL Coal Service.
VANLUVEN. Phone 92.
A Black Business Handled White.

ODESSA.

A large number of relatives and friends of Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Metzler met at their home Monday evening last, and presented them with a handsome silver tea service and silver sandwich plate. The address was read by Sidney Clark. Mr. Metzler has rented his farm to Mr. McCormac, from Pittsburg, and is moving in the D. O. Frink residence on Wilton avenue, which is being vacated by Mr. Frink, who is moving in the dwelling over his general store.

Roswell Henzy is moving on the B. G. Hamm farm.

Mrs. John Morrison left a few days ago for Toronto. She accompanied her daughter, Mrs. Harry Foster and will spend some time with Mrs. Foster and her son Frank.

Russell Watts, who has been visiting his grandmother, Mrs. Watts, and Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Smith, has returned to his home at Elm Creek, Man.

Fred Sproule has returned to Toronto, after spending some time with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Sproule.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Emmons spent Sunday last with friends in Kingston.

The many friends of Mrs. Chas. Hillier are pleased to hear that she is recovering nicely from her recent illness.

WILTON.

The March meeting of the Wilton Women's Institute was held on Tuesday afternoon, March 8th, at the Grange Hall, Wilton. Although the day and roads were not of the best, a goodly number of ladies were present. The president presided and the meeting opened by the singing of the Institute carol followed by "The Lord's Prayer," in unison. The roll call ,which was responded to by an "Egg Recipe," was interesting. It was decided to have a paper "Current Events," at each meeting, Mrs. Ruttan to give them at the April meeting. We are going to ask Mrs. Miller, district president, of Napanee, to be with us at our April meeting to give us a talk. Mrs. Miller was so well liked last year when she visited us, that we will be glad to see her again. Mrs. Byron Ruttan was made convener of our sick committee, and any member is asked to report to her, of any sickness throughout our community. A committee was appinted to look after and arrange for a social evening on March 22nd. Please keep this date in mind. After the business part of the meeting, housecleaning suggestions were exchanged, and many good ideas were found out. The April meeting will be at Grange Hall, Wilton on Tuesday afternoon, April 12th, the Roll Call to be a "Potato Recipe." Everyone welcome.

MOSCOW NORTH.

Mrs. Chester Card, of Odessa, and Miss Bessie Card, of Napanee, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Frank McLaren.

Mr. Norman Jackson spent a week at Arden loading lumber.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Degroff and Jimmy Pine took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Sampson King on Friday.

Mrs. Cynthia Knapp spent a day recently at Enterprise.

Miss Ella Evans has returned home after spending a week with her sister, Mrs. Frank Dillon.

Mrs. Norman Jackson and Mrs. Wellington and daughter spent Saturday afternoon with Mrs. Martha Bowen, Enterprise.

Mr. and Mrs. James Evans and Miss Ella Evans spent Sunday last at Mr .Finn's.

Mr. Harry Albertson spent a day recently at Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellesley Coultter spent Sunday with Mrs. Martha Bowen, Enterprise.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Vanvolkenburg and family spent Sunday at Mr. Sanford Degroff's.

Mr. Harrison, of Arden, spent a few days at Mr. Will Ritchies.

Mr. Tommy Dixon had the misfortune to cut his foot while cutting wood for Mr. Frank McLaren.

Mrs. Henry Reid and daughter, Ilah, spent Thursday afternoon at Enterprise.

Mrs. Frank Dillon called at the home of her brother, Mr. James Evans on Friday.

A number attended the school concert at Moscow and report a good time. Much credit is due to the teachers.

Mrs. Cynthia Knapp and Mr. Harry Albertson were quietly married at Kingston on March 1st. Congratulations.

Miss Florence Knapp, of Kingston, spent last week-end with her mother, Mrs. Harry Albertson.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McLaren and son, Bruce, Mrs. Chester Card and daughter, Bessie, spent Sunday last with Mr. and Mrs. John Brown.

Mr. Walter Brown, of New Ontario, called on friends here recently.

Mrs. Henry King spent Friday with her mother, Mrs. S. Shane.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Degroff spent Saturday afternoon last with her daughter, Mrs. Jackson.

Harry Knapp spent Sunday last with Jimmy Pine.

Mrs. Harvey Keech has returned home, after spending a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Bush, Enterprise.

Mr. and Mrs. Arch Albertson spent Saturday afternoon last at Yarker.

Mrs. George Bush and son spent a day recently with her daughter, Mrs. Harvey Keech.

HER REASON.

"I hear you've got a new baby, Mandy. What have you named him ?"

"Oh, we calls him Veto, Miss Smif."

"Veto ? And why ?"

"'Cause when the doctor came he says, "Well, well, if it ain't another little black bawl'."—Washington Unif. Dirge.

ADOLPHUSTOWN.

A meeting was held at the U.E.L. cheese factory on Tuesday afternoon when the milk-routes were sold for the ensuing season.

The auction sale held at Mrs. D. Baldwin's on Wednesday was attended by a large crowd.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Price and little daughter spent last week-end at William Magee's.

Mr. J. B. Allison, who has been ill at the home of his son, is able to be up.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Johnston have returned from their honeymoon.

Miss Estella Mallory, the bride of the month, was the recipient of many beautiful and useful presents at the shower given her in the parish hall last Monday evening.

STELLA.

Quite a number of cases of sickness are reported here at present.

Mrs. Thos. A. Glenn has been on the sick list.

William Glenn, Sr., an aged resident, has been in poor health.

The little daughter of Mr .and Mrs. W. J. Glenn, who has been ill, is recovering.

The little son of Elburn Welbanks, who was seriously ill for several days, is much better.

Miss Jessie Stevison, Cohoes, N.Y., was called last week to the bed-side of her mother, who has been seriously ill.

The Rev. Thos. Leach, who was confined to his bed for a few days is around again.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Wiggins, have returned to their home in Wolfe Island, after spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. J. Stevison.

Miss C. Hartwick, Kingston, attended the funeral of the late Robert Kilpatrick.

W. D. Saunders left on Thursday last for Buffalo, N.Y.

W. R. Baker, Kingston, and Mr. Ballantyne, Toronto, were over the Island last week selling stock in gold mines of Northern Ontario.

F. McKee and son, Allan ,of Picton, spent a few days recently at James McKee's.

DESERONTO ROAD.

The snow has almost entirely disappeared and every indication points to an early spring. The blackbirds are here in large flocks, while the robin is singing his early morning song in the apple tree.

The ice in the Napanee river is looking black and considered unsafe even for crossing on foot, while the ice bridge at Deseronto to the Fredericksburgh shore is being still used for loads, and autos were still crossing last Friday.

Mr. Harold McCaul had the misfortune to lose a couple of valuable cows last week.

Mr. Claud Alkenbrack was sawing up the wood at the school house S. S. N. 1, on Friday last. Claud has been kept pretty busy for the last two weeks sawing for the neighbors. He has a splendid outfit and makes short work of a pile.

Jack Madole is home for a couple of weeks, visiting his father, brother and sister.

Mrs. Willie Keeley, we are sorry to report, is on the sick list ,but we hope for an early recovery.

A team of horses belonging to Mr. Opa Barker, living near Sand Hill, ran away one day last recently while he was removing the hay rack and Mr. Barker became entangled in the mix-up. Luckily no bones were broken, but Mr. Barker received a bad shaking up.

BATH.

One of the finest entertainments ever held in the village of Bath was presented in the Masonic Hall Friday evening last by the Y.P.S. of the United Church. The programme was prepared bv Mrs. E. Horn, Mrs. H. Vanalstyne and Mrs. (Rev.) Ross ; the two former ladies having charge of the literary department, Mrs. Sams the refreshment problem, and Mrs. (Rev.) Ross preparing the musical numbers, and presiding at the piano during the proceedings of the evening.

The pastor having taken the chair by request of the society, the entertainment was opened by the Y.P.S. rendering a full chorus entitled, "The Song of the New Crusade," and the audience joining in the Lord's Prayer.

Male chorus, entitled, "My Ship is Coming In," sung by C. Young, S. Calver, E. Whittaker, George Davy, William Twitchett and Rev. G. E. Ross ; pantomine, "Coming Through the Rye," Thelma Shepherd ; piano solo, "The Butterfly Song," Miss C. Davey ; monologue, "Johnny Reads the Newspaper," Mr. Crowe ; vocal solo, "In Days of Youth," Mrs. E. Whittaker ; male chorus, "Along the River of Time We Glide" ; solo, "Juanita," (voice and harp), Miss M. Huffman ; monologue, Original Selections, Mr. Crowe ; Male Chorus, "Tenting to-night" ; short play, "The Rest Cure," by William Twitchett, Mrs. H. Vanalstyne, Thelma Shepherd, Ellen Mills and Evelyn Young ; solo, "Danny Boy," Rev. G. E. Ross ; musical monologue, "Old Black Joe," Sheldon Calver ; "God Save the King," followed by refreshments.

The door receipts amounted to about $60, but the intellectual, moral and social elements of the entertainment far outweighed any financial aspect. Never has a more highly pleased and delighted audience left the Masonic Hall ; and the young people are to be congratulated and heartily praised.

Every number on the program was encored, and responded to in good style, even the refreshment committee was able to respond with more pie, for the program comprised a "Pie Social."

THE GENTLE LEOPARD

Not every incident in which the disposition of a wild beast is in dispute brings such prompt and complete discovery as that in a court in the German Capital recently. The story is told in a cable to The Globe. The landlord of a house in Berlin sought an order of eviction against a tenant accused of alarming and disturbing the neighborhood by keeping a leopard in his room. The tenant insisted that the animal, to which he was greatly attached, was "as gentle as a kitten," and to convince the Judge he left the stand and shortly returned with the leopard in tow, "caressing it beamingly." So persuaded was the Judge of the creature's kindly nature that he was about to dismiss the complaint, when the pet from the wild suddenly broke from control and leaped at the bench. The despatch states that the court was deserted in a flash. Judge, lawyers, clerk and onlookers vied in giving an exhibition of speed. It was a clear triumph for the leopard, but a dear victory for its owner, who lost his case as a result of his pet's "throw-back" to his primitive instincts.

This inopportune reaction of the Berlin leopard against control might not unreasonably induce not a few of us to revise our opinion, or at least to question our belief, regarding the "wild" pets which we assure the world are "as gentle as kittens," which we "caress beamingly," and which we are so willing even to bring into court to justify our faith. So many of us have our pet leopards. But most of us just now are perhaps less interested in the one we may ourselves have than in the one which Premier Ferguson is about to bring into the court of Ontario to demonstrate the skill he possesses in animal training.

This pet leopard of the Premier is now being disciplined and groomed for his trial. It was trapped in an electoral jungle about two months ago, and has been kept domiciled in Mr. Ferguson's private offices at the Legislative Building ever since. It is shortly to be shown to the public, and their approval requested. The Premier is proud of it. The leopard is of genuine breed. It has all the spots of its ancestors who years ago were put under popular ban as a danger to human society. It comes of that same species of night-prowling wild beasts, so familiar in days gone by, which lay in in wait to catch their victims unaware and mutilate and destroy them ; which made such havoc of homes, which stole the food from the family and drove the household, unclad, from the shelter of the roof into the night.

But this particular member of the species, we are assured, has been tamed ; has become not only manageable, but a pet. Its claws, it is true, have not been pared, nor its teeth drawn, but it has been subjected to a treatment of benevolent restraint to which it is guaranteed always to respond. It is not only to prove by its own conduct a pattern for reform, but it is to set an example which will have an educative influence upon the human public. Premier Ferguson is proud of it, and his immediate friends idolize it. He is never weary of "caressing it beamingly," and many good, timid people who are usually afraid of such animals are permitted to smooth down its ruffled fur and testify to its tameness. The Premier is now actually about to bring it into court, and the Judge, almost persuaded of its good qualities, is awaiting its arrival.

What is likely to be the result? Will the Premer's pet animal imitate the conduct of its Berlin fellow ? Will it suddenly disclose its active possession of all the fierce instincts of its kind and fly at the throat of the Judge? Will it create a panic in the courtroom which will leave it and its master defeated and ashamed ? "Well, Time is the old Justice which tries all such offenders (or cases). And let Time try."—Toronto Globe.

Chimneys, mantles and all supplies for Aladdin lamps, at Wallace's, Napanee Agents.

DENBIGH.

Mr. Chas. Both has arrived home from Kitchener, where he has been visiting his son, Albert, and other relatives and friends.

Mr. Victor Wienecke has purchased a portable sawmill and is at present busy with it near Ruby Mine. David Green and E. Marquardt are also employed at it.

Miss Anna Stein left for Ottawa to visit relatives and friends there and to enjoy city life for a while.

A very pleasant surprise party was enjoyed by all present on Wednesday evening, at the home of Rev. and Mrs. P. A. Scott.

KIMMERLY'S MARCH SPECIALS

Easifirst Shortening, per lb.	15c.
20 Bars Pearl White Naptha Soap	95c.
5 pkgs. Lux	40c.
1 lb. green or black Tea	50c.
3 pkgs. Corn Starch	25c.
6 lbs. Epsom Salts or Sulphur	25c.
5 lb. pail Honey	60c.
5 lb. pail Corn Syrup	35c.
Flour, per cwt.	$4.10
5 string Broom	39c.
All Corn Flakes, per pkg.	10c.
1 lb. Chase and Sanborn's Coffee	55c.
4 tins Sardines	25c.
2 tins French Peas	35c.
2 lbs. Ginger Snaps	25c.

Car Bran and Shorts just in.

Gov't tested Alfalfa and Sweet Clover at lowest prices.

Highest price paid for Muskrats.
15-ap

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL.
(Editor of The Sunday School Times).

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

Sunday, March 20.—John 14 : 1-3 ; II. Cor. 5 : 1-10 ; I. John 3 : 3-3.

Golden Text—In my Father's house are many mansions : if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

What is the Christian's hope ?

Perhaps most people would answer, Heaven. It is not the answer of God's Word. For there are multitudes of Christians in Heaven today who are looking forward in hope to something they have not yet received. They have departed this life, and have gone "to be with Christ ; which is far better" (Phil. 1 : 23) ; they are consciously in the presence of their Lord, and their lives are filled with joy and blessing beyond the best we can conceive of here. Yet they know the meaning of hope, now in Heaven, as we know it from God's Word now on earth.

This hope is a sure comfort for all who are troubled. It is a striking fact, not always realized, that immediately after the Lord Jesus had foretold the tragic, heart-breaking denial that Peter was to utter, He added at once, "Let not your heart be troubled : ye believe in God, believe also in Me." Our Lord's immortal word of comfort is a word to sinners, heart- broken because of their sins. It is a word to those who are desolated by the death of their loved ones. It is a word to every child of God, no matter what burden or sorrow has come.

After the statement about the many mansions in the Father's house, and how the Lord was going to prepare a place for His own, there comes the Christian's hope : "And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself."

Some one has said : "The 'I will come' is as sure as 'I go.'"

The coming again of the Lord Jesus Christ is the hope of the Christian.

Death is not our hope, even though death brings the believer a "far better" experience than this life. But any one who will take a concordance and run through the New Testament passages in which the word "hope" appears, will find that it is the characteristic inspired reference to the Second Coming of Christ and the consummation of our salvation in the resurrection of the body and full likeness of Him. So we read that the grace of God teaches us that we should live righteously in this present world, "looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." (Titus 2 : 11-13).

That this coming again of our Lord does not refer to the coming of the Holy Spirit, or the indwelling of Christ in the believer, is made plain by the more than three hundred passages in the New Testament that tell of the Second Coming—such as the word in Acts 1 : 11. "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into Heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven."

Hope is connected in the Scriptures with the resurrection of the body, and this does not occur until the Lord's return. Thus Paul said before the Sanhedrin, "Of the hope and resurrection of the dead I am called in question" (Acts 23 : 6 : 24 : 15 : 26 : 6-8). And we are told that all creation looks forward with earnest expectation in hope to that time when the redemption of the bodies of the sons of God shall be brought to pass (Rom. 8 : 19-25).

Again, the hope of our calling is that time in the future when God shall exercise in our behalf, as believers "the exceeding greatness of His power..........which he wrought in Christ, when He raised Him from the dead" (Eph. 1 : 18-20).

The fact that the "blessed dead," those who have died trusting in Christ as Saviour, are still looking forward in hope though their spirits are consciously alive and rejoicing in Heaven in the presence of the Lord, is seen from that great passage on the Lord's return and the resurrection, in I. Thessalonians 4 : 13-18 : "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him........and the dead in Christ shall rise first ; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air."

We must be careful, therefore, not to connect with that which the New Testament specially calls the Christian's hope, such a passage as the second selection included in this lesson, from Second Corinthians. It is a passage of blessed assurance to the believer, that "if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved" by the experience of death, "we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," and therefore we are "willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord." That is the glorious assurance that believers who die before the Lord's return pass at once into His presence, with all the unspeakable blessing that this means. But the Christian's salvation is not fully consumated even then. That comes to pass only when "that blessed hope" is fulfilled as the Lord comes again, the dead bodies of believers are raised from the dead, the bodies of living believers are instantly changed, and our three-fold salvation is complete ; justification, sanctification and glorification. What a wonderful word is this through the beloved apostle, concerning our hope :

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be : but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him ; for we shall see Him as He is. And every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure" (I. John 3 : 2-3).

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SPANISH COURTESY.

Hospitality and Generosity Are Part of His Honor.

There is no better mannered man on this earth than a Spanish gentleman, and when he is extending hospitality, your Spaniard, rich or poor, is at his best. It is not the extent or quality of the hosspitality that matters, it is the exquisite grace with which it is tendered, the implied suggestion that your comfort is the host's first consideration.

The instinct of hospitality seems to be born in the Spaniard, and he contrives when you are staying in his house to put you at your ease and leave you there. His formalities are never aggressive, his kindness seems to come from the heart, and the foreigner who enters Spain with a few good introductions will find it hard to outstay his welcome.

With the best type of Spaniard the old forms are no mere empty words. His hospitality and generosity are a part of his honor and the dearest thing in life to him, and the catholicity of his kindness may be gathered from the fact that Spanish has but one word "amigo," to express both friend and acquaintance. It must not be supposed that Spanish hospitality is limited to those who can afford to dispense it. On the contrary, the very poor are delighted to do something for a stranger who is sympathetic. It may be no more than . . . an orange or a handful of olives, but there is something in the way in which the gift is offered that magnifies its intrinsic value a thousand-fold. Even among those whose days are passed in ceaseless toil, who live far remote from the company of their fellowmen, you find evidences of the inborn courtesy that is one of the most striking charms of the complex Spanish character.—S. L. Bensusan, in "Home Life In Spain."

AGE-OLD QUESTION.

Irishman's Answer Still Stands Undisputed In Court Records.

Some years ago a farmer, driving to his home in one of the townships adjoining Smith's Falls, Ont., was struck at a crossing on the edge of the town by the C.P.R. Toronto-Montreal afternoon express. He and his horses were killed outright, and the wagon wrecked.

His widow brought action against the railway company for damages, and the case was tried at Brockville, the county town of Leeds.

The railway company sought to prove that the man was in a state of intoxication and contributed to his own death by reckless driving, and, to this end, placed in the witness-box the yardman of the hotel from which the farmer had driven just prior to the accident. Bartholomew, one of Killarney's brilliant sons, saw the man drive from the yard, but, loath to put a blot either on the name of the dead or on the fair escutcheon of the hotel, hedged when the C.P.R. lawyer — a famous Toronto member of the Ontario Bar, who afterwards adorned the Bench—asked him if the man was drunk. He "would not swear that."

Finally, after hard pressing and adroit hedging, the lawyer asked, in a tone of great authority:

"When would you say a man was drunk?"

"Oi'd say he was drunk when he'd go to the pump to loight his poipe."

Amid general laughter, Bartholomew was immediately excused, but his definition of a drunken man still stands undisputed in the records of the court.

Hindus Most Numerous.

The religion having the greatest number of adherents in British India is that of the Hindus, who number 216,734,586. The Mohammedans number 68,735,233; Buddhists, 11,571,268; Christians, 4,754,064; Sikhs, 3,238,803; Jains, 1,178,596; Parsis, 101,778; Animists, 9,774,611.

Rosewood.

Rosewood is obtained chiefly from various Brazilian trees. The name is due to the faint smell of roses when the wood is freshly cut.

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

PREPARING FOR SPRING

BY ERWIN GREER
(President Greer College of Automotive & Electrical Trades, Chicago ,Ill.)

Various infallible signs point to the coming of spring. Boys are itching to get out of their heavy underwear, a robin has appeared. Ladies are wearing straw hats and shorter skirts. And Pop's mind is turning to the old bus and wondering just what to do to make it fit for the spring and summer months.

If any important work is necessary and the owner cannot perform the operations, the shop should have the car first ,after which the simple operations may be done. Perhaps it only needs carbon removing and valve grinding, or it may be something requiring more time, such as refitting of piston rings, taking-up bearings, etc. Shops become congested because owners wait until the last minute to have necessary work done, therefore, make arrangement with the shop or service station early. You should demand an estimate of the cost, from any shop. The service stations of car manufacturers are now using the flat-rate plan almost generally. This plan provides that certain work be charged for at a given price stipulated beforehand. In other shops a maximum price is quoted. There is no need to go to a shop where no estimate is given.

Make chassis lubrication occupy the greater part of your time as it is worthy of it. Drain and refill the transmission and rear axle, perhaps the clutch also if it is of the oil type. Gear oils should be heavy for summer work Some motorists prefer special gear compounds. Above all, use a good grade of lubricant.

Grease should be used freely were necessary, as, for example, spring shackle bolts, universal joints, for cup filling where cups are provided. If the car is equipped with an alemite or similar high pressure lubricating system, the procedure is obvious. You may find some difficulty in forcing the grease through some parts that have become partly rusted in place. Tap the part gently with a hammer. If this does not help, squirt some kerosene through any opening provided. If neither will permit grease to be forced in, better dismantle the parts and clean them.

Adjustment of parts and tightening should be done systematically. Attend to the running gear, first tightening spring clip nuts, taking up play in the steering system, adjusting brake rods, etc. See that there is no excess play in the wheel bearings, tighten engine holding down bolts, etc. Tighten all chassis nuts and bolts you can. Then tighten body bolts, radiator bolts, fender bolts and other sheet metal parts.

The storage battery if used continuously will call for its usual inspection and filling. If the battery was sent to a service station for storage, it may be found in place just as received from the station. If the battery was left in the car for two months or more, it will be necessary to have it placed on charge at the service station before it can be installed in the car.

BOY IMMIGRATION.

Provinces Are Expected to Establish Training Farms.

No doubt the bringing into the country of carefully-selected British boys, and training them for farm work, is a promising immigration policy, if properly safeguarded, says the Montreal Family Herald and Weekly Star.

Hon. Mr. Forke thinks very highly of the idea, as his proposals to the House of Commons indicated.

He has taken a reasonable step at the outset in making it a sine qua non of his proposals that the Provincial Governments shall co-operate with the Federal Government in this matter.

The latter will make a grant of $80 for every youth brought to Canada under the scheme. Part of this is to go to the cost of training by the various provinces.

The latter will each be expected to establish training farms for the boys, such farms to be utilized as assembly and distributing stations from Nova Scotia to British Columbia.

The all-important follow-up work will be under the control of the Federal Government.

It is proposed to operate through the Soldier Settlement Board, which has its organization all ready throughout the country, and which, by reason of the fact that its supervisors are in every farming district and the interests it watches are almost wholly agricultural, is in an excellent position to carry out such work.

Through this organiation it is intended to keep track of the lads after they have been trained and distributed to the farmers, to watch over their welfare and in particular to ensure their kind treatment.

This the Board can do because it possesses the necessary machinery in effective working order, and the Government will not have to create any expensive new department or any new organiation.

The scheme as blocked out would seem to be a practical one, and if it is put into effect with the proper supervision and selection on the other side, it ought to work out to the benefit of the entire Dominion.

Princess Danced With Costermonger.

A royal princess danced with a costermonger at a carnival in London for the benefit of the Street Traders' Association. Princess Marie Louise, cousin of the King, was the guest of honor, and she invited Don Marriatt, the "Pearly King of Finsbury," to accompany her in the lancers. The "Pearly King," whose suit glittered with many thousands of pearl buttons —the traditional gala decoration of the London costermongers—shared the princess' hand throughout the set.

No "Sitting Out"

"Sitting out" at dances has been forbidden by the council of Naas, County Kildare, Ireland, who consider the practice synonymous with "petting." Hereafter the applicants for the use of the Town Hall as a ballroom, a custom there, must promise that sitting out dances will not be allowed. "Wall flowers" will not be disturbed as long as they sit alone.

The Trysting Place

By CECILLE LANGDON

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It was an odd trysting place, but it had been a favorite haunt for Ransom Wylie even before he had met Edna Deane. After the railroad had been built touching Orville, the town where both lived, and the telegraph line had paralleled. one towering pole fronted the lane that led to the home of the Deanes, which became a sort of waiting station for Ransom. Edna would join him there and they would stroll along the river bank or visit mutual young friends in the neighborhood.

A grassy rise curved gracefully about the deeply imbedded pole and some wild bushes encircled it.

It got to be so that Ransom was usually on the spot ahead of Edna. She came upon him one evening and learned the reason why, and her face grew thoughtful and serious, as was the dreamy expression of his eyes, far away and intense. On the occasion Edna found him with his ear close to the smooth surface of the pole.

"Resting, Ransom?" she intimated softly, as she sank to his side.

"Why, no," he answered, flushing slightly and acting like one startled from a deep reverie. "I was listening, Edna. Have you ever done so?" and his eyes brightened magically. "I come here very often, alone. Just think of it! Along those wires overhead there passes every hour the story of the great world—the business story; vast secrets in cypher, poor little trembling tales of longing, and broken hearts, happiness, misery, grief, sorrow, the chronicle of birth, deaths, good fortune and wretchedness. It overpowers me when I try to comprehend it all. And when there is a storm coming, the wires moan and seem freighted with tones that awe you. Oh, Edna! sometimes, when the hum and drone is soft and gentle, I can almost hear the tender words passing between sweetheats. I wonder, oh! I wonder—"

"You wonder what, Ransom?" asked Edna, weirdly impressed with the look in his eyes.

"Of how some day, after I have gone into the busy, bustling life of the city, the message I send to you of triumph, of wealth, and always of love, will fill your soul with the glory of our great happiness."

"Don't, Ransom," pleaded Edna, as if the suggestion of parting wrenched her heart cruelly. "Oh, must it be that you will go away and we can meet here no more?" and she clung to his arm shelteringly, but shuddered, and there was the echo of a half suppressed sob.

Ransom caressed and comforted the girl he so loved, painting a fair picture of the prospects that were opening up to him. Edna was thoroughly unselfish and sacrificing, and she felt that she had no right to hold him back from testing his business ability.

* * * * *

An old man of sixty had succeeded the former telegraph operator at Orville and passing the cherished trysting place on his way to his work, had noticed Edna. It came about that they grew into quite intimate acquaintanceship, and occasionally Edna would stop for a few minutes at the little depot. It pleased her to be in close touch with one who could tell her all about the great city to which she was a stranger, which held her heart's dearest treasure.

One evening Edna dropped into the depot and was conversing with the operator, when the latter bent his ear quickly towards the clicking instrument. It had become his wont when Edna was there to epitomize any important happening told over the wires.

"Big fire in the city," he tallied. "Plant of Driscoll & Co. totally destroyed," and Edna's cheek blanched, for that was the name of the house with which Ransom was connected. "Several lives lost. John Driscoll and his secretary escaped to roof; ladder, sent to their rescue, burns midway. Both engulfed in the flames. Hello!" for Edna had fallen to the floor insensible.

The operator ran to the water-pail, but it was empty. He seized it and started for the well. When he returned Edna was gone. He was a slow thinking man, but it suddenly occurred to him that the business house named in the telegram might be the one where her fiance was employed. His face brightened as he caught a later wire.

"Where can she have gone? I must find her," he soliloquized excitedly, and an instinctive impulse caused him to hasten to the trysting place telegraph pole.

Yes, there was Edna, frantic, incoherent, clasping the pole, pressing her ear to it wildly, pleading for further word from the tanging wire!

"Oh, Miss Deane!" shouted the operator, "there's a later wire. Man and secretary escaped."

It was the next day that Ransom Wylie put in an appearance. Meantime the details of the fire were generally known. A rescuing ladder had, indeed, caught fire, and its lower half had fallen to the ground. Its upper half Ransom had drawn up to the roof, gained that of an adjoining building and he and his employer had gained safety.

It was at the old trysting place that Ransom Wylie resumed his love vows with Edna Deane, telling her that his signal service in behalf of his grateful employer had led to advancement and a reward that would enable them soon to become man and wife.

ONE-COL. STORY 36, 1919

Pearls From Herring Scales.

Artificial pearls that fetch as much as $250 each are being manufactured in England from herring scales. They possess real beauty, and only experts are able to detect them from real gems.

Population of South America.

On latest estimate the population of South America is placed at 65,000,000, the number being about equally divided between Indians and whites.

"SUNSHINE HOUSE"

A Visit to England's Haven for Blind Children.

With half my heart happy and the other half sad, writes an Old Country newspaper man, I have just returned from an afternoon at "Sunshine House."

Yes, that's an unusual name, and alluring. None better could have been chosen, for it holds a beautiful and touching significance. "Sunshine House," ideally situated in one of the healthiest parts of rural Hertfordshire, with its wide-stretching lawns, trees, and gardens, and its spacious, airy rooms, is the delightful home of those whose eyes have never seen the glory of sunshine, and may never see it.

It is a "home"—a real home, in every sense of the word—for blind babies. There they bask in the sunshine that is human—radiating from hearts that are full of a great love and sympathy.

Are they happy? I've never seen happier children. They laugh; they run about fearlessly; they are full of high spirits. Their joyous laughter reached me as I walked up the drive. And I had expected, and dreaded, quiet and gloom.

But they don't know they are blind. They think the shadow on their eyes is natural. Some day—that is the tragedy of it—they will learn that they cannot see. One or two may get the precious gift of sight —a Harley street specialist is for ever using all his skill to that end—but for most there is no hope. But they are happy now, and bubbling with brown health. They are the children of poor parents, and many are from the slums.

I saw them at tea, sitting at quaint little tables in quaint miniature armchairs. Nothing was dropped, nothing spilled. And then a rush—yes, a rush; they are quite fearless—to the lawns for play.

In the Home there is a school, run on Kindergarten and Montessori methods. And to prepare the little ones for the years ahead, they are taught, most ingeniously, the rudiments of Braille. They begin with a little tray-box with six holes, into which they put pegs, signifying A, B, and so on. Then they proceed to what looks like a domino scoring board, with many "sixes" and smaller pegs. Thus they learn finger-touch and letter-combination.

Their fingers are their eyes. It is pathetic to hear them prattle of "seeing" things. "Come and 'see' my gee-gee," said one mite to me, and took my hand and passed it over the wooden horse. "Mind the step," said another, "or 'oo'll hurt 'ooself," and guided me.

They build with bricks; they dress and undress their dolls; their distinguish, by unerring touch, different materials. And they have a band of their own! Excellent music it makes, too. And you should hear them sing! Sightless eyes, but happy hearts.

To teach them to walk takes time, for they cannot run, as other children, to the haven of a mother's outstretched arms. But an ingenious apparatus, like a small gangway, with a "guide" that moves up and down, assists.

"Sunshine House" is rightly named. Delightful nurseries; big, toy-packed play-rooms; no children could be better "homed." And it was easy to see that the matron and her staff had got right into the children's hearts.

The Home (at Chorley Wood) is one of those established by the National Institute for the Blind.

Baby Fishes' Strange Refuge.

The female of a small fresh-water fish found in Egypt, known as the mouth-breeder, protects her eggs by carrying them in her mouth, where they remain until the young ones hatch out; but the habits of some of the perch-like fish called cichlids are even more remarkable, for not only do the females take their eggs into their mouths, but they also carry their young ones within this strange shelter. The fry do not leave their nursery until they are about a fortnight old, but the mother eventually liberates them from their somewhat confined quarters and allows them to swim about outside. They do not venture far, however, keeping quite close to their parent's head, and darting into her mouth again at the least sign of danger. They also pass the night within this safe retreat.

Divorce In Birdland.

A blow has been struck at the belief that birds choose their mates for life and are free from the evils of divorce by a ten-years' study of bird habits.

The birds that were observed were household wrens, which usually raise two broods of young birds each year. Instead of the bird family persisting from year to year, or even through a single season, the parent birds were found to change mates between the two broods of one year.

The mating lasts only during the time the young birds are helpless. After that each parent feels quite free to make whatever new arrangement may seem desirable.

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GUARDING THE PRINCE

SCOTLAND YARD MAN'S MOST TRYING JOB.

Secret Service Agent, Who Has Guarded the Prince of Wales on Many Occasions, Describes His Own Experiences.

Whenever royalty goes abroad an officer or officers of the Special Branch, New Scotland Yard, accompany them, and the police of whatever country royalty visits also supply officers to keep watch over them.

Throughout the Empire we all pride ourselves on our loyalty to the throne, writes Edwin T. Woodall, in Tit-Bits, but it is necessary to guard against the secret and unseen hand of the extremist, the political crank and—worst of all—the homicidal maniac. "Prevention is better than cure."

As a former "Special Branch" detective of Scotland Yard I can say that "secret surveillance," or special protection duty, is no sinecure.

During the last tour of the Prince of Wales, the responsibility of safeguarding the prince devolved upon the shoulders of one man. He was Inspector Burt, and no member of the prince's party was better pleased when the Repulse reached Portsmouth than this keen-eyed man. Undoubtedly the inspector's most trying ordeal was an incident which occurred whilst the royal party were snowbound in the Sierras at Los Andes.

Half an hour after the special train had arrived the prince set out for a walk through the squalid, muddy streets of the primitive town accompanied by his equerry, and followed by Detective Burt and a Chilian police detective. As the prince was passing the door of a dingy wine-shop shouts suddenly came from within and a young man lurched out into the road directly in front of the visitors. Close behind followed an older Chilian with a broad-bladed knife in his hand. The younger man his face distorted with pain, stooped and snatched up a large stone, which he flung at his pursuer. As he did so it was seen that the waist of his trousers was deeply stained with blood.

"He has been stabbed," exclaimed the prince, quite unmindful of his own danger. Inspector Burt, however, was fully alive to the situation created by the proximity of a half-savage peon who had tasted blood and was still armed.

Instinctively the English detective kept his eyes glued to the hand that held the knife, and, seeing the menace in the Englishman's attitude, the half-savage peon retreated through the wine-shop door, and promptly barricaded himself in. It was only then that the prince's custodian dared lend his Chilian colleague assistance with the wounded man, who died in a few hours later in hospital.

When the Prince of Wales was in France his known contempt for danger and his habit of "looking for trouble" were a constant source of anxiety to the high officers responsible for his safety. The method of guarding the prince was for his "shadower" to assume various roles which would render him quite inconspicuous. Mine usually was that of a despatch rider.

On one occasion there occurred an incident which might have robbed the throne of its heir. I was waiting for him to set out on one of his daily pilgrimages when suddenly I saw a high-powered car drive up to Headquarters at Merville. It was clear that he was going up the line, and it was equally clear that he was going at a pace that it would be impossible for me to keep up with on my bike, good engine though it had. I hung on as long as I possibly could, but at length lost sight of the car altogether.

However, I carried on until I got well into the danger zone, and the German artillery were putting over some very heavy stuff. I pulled up and made some inquiries of a few Tommies, and through this medium I managed to pick up the trail of the prince, and set off in the direction where he had been last seen. It was in the very heart of a shell-blasted region.

Suddenly I came upon the prince standing near to a wall, looking rather dazed and shaky, and distinctly pale. And small wonder. It appears that he had left his car in what he considered to be a place of comparative safety. That is to say, he had left it protected by a thick wall that had been left standing. He had then gone out a little way, and on his return was horrified to find that both the wall and the car had been blown to atoms.

It was a pretty close shave, for it is certain that had he returned to the car but a few seconds before he would have been killed.

More than once I detected a gleam of amusement in his eyes when he caught sight of me. I have often seen him glance round at me with a little smile as much as to say, "So you are one of those confounded secret service men, sent to shadow me. Right, old chap, I'll give you a run for your money. By the time I've finished with you you'll be glad to get back on that old motor bike of yours."

On another occasion it was suddenly realized that the prince had not been seen for some time, and Headquarters was in a mortal funk lest something should have happened to him. When found the prince was in the corner of a machine-gun emplacement talking to a young lieutenant, some sergeants, and a bunch of interested Tommies.

Familiar Optical Illusion.

Make a small hole in a card, and hold it four or five inches away from your face, towards the sky. Hold a pin-head against the lashes and gaze through the hole. Then you will see, to your surprise that the pin is inverted. Still more interesting is the fact that if you made several holes you will see inverted images of the pin in each.

Pat's Introduction

By MILDRED WHITE

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

Jeanette decided to take the short cut through the fields. All about her trees were turning to crimson and gold, it might be her last country walk for the season.

The path she chose was an unfamiliar one, through thick leaves it wound its crooked way; the trolley station was behind her, she could hear the hum of the five o'clock, as it rolled into the distance. A little wistfully she went on through the sweet Indian summer; all the men she knew, it seemed, were fighting across the seas for their country.

There was so little a girl could do to show her bravery, Jeanette reflected, and just then Jean's boasted bravery left her, every bit of courage in her being seemed suddenly to melt away; hopelessly she stood in the center of the path, while a crouching bulldog crept stealthily toward her; the rumbling growls which shook his body gave evidence of fierce antagonism. The brute's bloodshot eyes glared at her, from his heavy jaw white lather dripped.

Jeanette checked an impulse for flight; to run would doubtless infuriate and hasten the beast in her direction. Desperately, she measured the distance to the nearest tree, but it was certain the dog could reach it before her. Trembling, staring in horrified fascination at the approaching animal, the girl waited—then unable longer to bear the strain of fear, she shrieked. An agonized shriek it was, for an instant the bulldog paused in his track. Jeanette took advantage to try persuasion:

"Good fellow," she murmured hysterically. "Nice doggy." But nice doggy appeared to be beyond placation.

His rumblings alarmingly increased as he came nearer. But her desperate call miraculously found an answer.

"Do not be afraid," spoke a man. "I will keep the dog from you."

Before she could reply a khaki-clad figure passed at her side, moving unhesitatingly between herself and the dog.

"Oh! do be careful," Jeanette said confusedly, and closed her eyes.

When she found courage again to open them, the young man was bending over the crouching dog on the ground. When he straightened up presently she saw that he had made an improvised leash for the animal of his own leather belt.

"I can hold him in with this," cried the man. "You may pass without danger of being mussed up."

"Mussed up!" repeated Jean. The color flooded back to her fear-stricken face, she came close to her deliverer and stood looking gratefully down into his eyes.

"How can you speak of it so lightly?" she said. "You know what a brave thing you have done; the dog is probably mad, he might have bitten you. He certainly could have—" she shuddered—"attacked me if you had not been here."

"Wherever," she asked suddenly, "did you come from?"

The young man with a strong, restraining hand upon either side of the struggling brute's throat, spoke easily.

"I had just left the trolley at the station," he replied, "and I sprinted along, I can tell you, when I heard your scream. It sounded like a real signal of distress, all right."

"It was so dreadfully—final," Jeanette confided. "The dog threatened me with every spring, no place of safety in view—I shall dream of it for weeks. But you," her blue eyes widened in admiration. "Oh! you were wonderful—so fearless; you will make a soldier," said Jeannie. "Oh, you will."

The young man laughed uneasily. The dog made another violent but inefficient lurch toward him.

"If I could only net the kaiser as easily as this," he lamented.

Frankly he gazed into the lovely, admiring face of the girl.

"A fellow could go into any danger with you to inspire him," he said.

"Will you follow absolutely my directions?" severely asked the soldier.

"Absolutely," Jeanette replied.

"Then sit down here on this mound of leaves and talk to me for a little while. You have given your word," he quickly reminded, as she turned perplexedly to go.

"A soldier has so few pleasures," the ingenuous young man added pathetically; "surely you won't refuse—this?"

"Well, you are the strangest person!" Jeanette exclaimed. "Do you think that one can converse pleasantly with a man who is holding down a savage dog?"

"The dog is not savage," the young man quietly told her. "He is my dog, and a pet. He was coming joyously to meet me when you intercepted him. That is, as joyously as Pat can come with the asthma which affects his breathing. He does mumble a good deal. I've been holding him by the strap because I thought he might jump at you affectionately, but—"

Released, the bulldog fell in loving onslaught upon his master.

"I wanted desperately to meet you before I went to camp," pleaded the man; got to go back tomorrow for good. Have you charity enough to waive formalities and give me the one happy memory of a walk with you?"

Jeanette bent to caress the dog's head, then she smiled.

"I acknowledge Pat's introduction," she said.

CASA LOMA.

Wonder House in Toronto That None Will Buy.

A [illegible]rgeous palace in Toronto has for years been for sale, but no one rich enough to buy and maintain such an elaborate mansion has yet been found.

Sir Henry Pellatt, who became a broker at an early age, and rose to become a wealthy power magnate, a financial giant with a finger in many a pie, longed for a castle of his own—a castle like the old mediaeval towers of Europe, only modernized and made more homelike. Shortly before the war he began to build it, and spent $2,000,000 on it.

No expense was spared. Sir Henry gave free rein to his fancy. The mansion contains fifty rooms. There are fifteen bathrooms, a library in which 500 people could sit at one time, three bowling alleys, a gymnasium, a 200 foot rifle range, a swimming pool, a large conservatory with a stained-glass roof, and a main hallway through which an automobile could be driven. There are three bronze doors that cost $14,000 each.

A writer of mystery tales could write a hundred plots from the strange secret passage-ways, panelled walls, and hidden rooms that Sir Henry built.

Sir Henry for years was commander of the Queen's Own Rifles, the crack infantry regiment. He commanded the Canadian contingent at the coronation of King Edward, and has been aide-de-camp to various Canadian Governors-General.

Suggestions that the house be turned into a museum or hotel have been made, but none has materialized as yet.

Where It Went.

"There's lots of money in stocks."

"Quite right. That's where mine went."—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Aspect.

"My family has a high descent."

"Yes; I understand it took a big tumble."—Baltimore American.

When He Enjoys Home.

"Does your husband enjoy home?"

"Yes—whenever I want him to take me to the theater."—Cleveland Leader.

Conscience.

Now and then conscience whispers, "Just wait till I get you alone tonight!"—Toledo Blade.

A Matter of Age.

Ella—She is a Daughter of the Revolution. Bella—She looks old enough to be the mother of it.—Judge.

Bianca's Fortune

By AGNES C. BROGAN

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

Bianca sat on the steps of the tenement, gazing with somber eyes at the cheerless scene about her. Everywhere in the dingy gardens of houses all built alike children swarmed—wan, uncared for children. It was not strange that they should be wan, breathing constantly the smoky atmosphere of the factories' vicinity, neither had their working mothers much time to devote to their welfare.

And as Bianca sat, she was picturing in her mind's eye the glory of the vine-clad hills of her native land, the dark-skinned happy children who had played there. Bianca saw, too, the one-roomed cottage nestling among all the fragrant green, which had been her home.

What was it to tend growing things all day in a garden? The payment that labor brought, was all too small. When grandmother should go—for grandmother had already lived more years than Bianca could count—well, then she would cross the great ocean with the money which she saved each day for that purpose, and there, where gold might be found for the asking, Bianca would make for herself a fortune. When she came back to the sunny land, for always there was the thought of coming back, it would be as a great lady, with jewels shining in her hair.

So it happened that Bianca passed the tiny house over to a friend who wished it, and with just a sigh of regret for the grandmother who now was gone, the girl began the long journey.

In her cot at night the weary girl dreamed of that vine-covered hillside and the white-curtained home which now seemed like heaven.

"If she could only get back;" tears of longing filled her eyes, and the pain that was yearning grew and deepened round her heart. And then one day, when the first breath of autumn fell gratefully on Tenement square, Bianca, seated upon the lowest porch step, heard two men discussing an advertisement in the evening papers

"What you know about it?" said one, "that's Tonie, who wants grape pickers on his farm. Just a few years ago, Tonie went away and worked the place; he like it, he make money an' buy it. Now, Tonie he hire people himself.

"'Girls to pick grapes,' read the man, 'earn good money.'"

Suddenly Bianca leaned forward.

"Girls?" she asked, "would that mean me? Could I go there?—earn money, too? Or is it Italy, this Tonie's farm, an' must one cross the ocean?"

The factory men laughed.

"No, Bianca," one replied, "just a little way out on the train, mebbe forty mile. Tell you," he glanced at the girl's white face, "you go, Bianca. That be good thing for you. I go with you, buy ticket, put you on car."

And glowing, her breath coming fast at the mere thought of green fields and blue skies, Bianca went. The chattering girls on the train perplexed her, she felt very shabby beside their flower-trimmed hats and bright dresses.

When the tall young man of the vineyard drove down to the country station to meet his helpers, his keen gaze singled out at once the neatly-clad girl with her sorrow-appealing eyes.

"You mees," he asked, "ever pick the grapes before?"

And Bianca's eyes filled with homesick tears.

"Back there only, in the home country," she replied.

Successful Tonie helped her to the seat beside his own in the long wagon.

"I know how you feel," he said as they rode along.

Gratefully she looked up, attracted by the sympathy in his voice.

"With me it was like that too," said Tonie. I came to the factory. I couldn't stay. Wanted to see the sun shining over green hills. Wanted sheep there, too," he laughed, "an' even goats. Now, I got 'em all; I work hard, I own farm. An' it's better, you'll see, better than Italy."

When he took Bianca to the house where a woman waited to serve the helpers, the girl threw out her arms with a sudden joyous gesture.

"Oh! this is good," she cried, "it is—home, again."

The next morning she found herself singing as she caught the ripe grapes from their vines.

"You are doin' fine."

It was Tonie's voice. At last he had come, and stood looking down upon her. Some shyness in the man's bearing brought to the girl new confidence in herself.

"I love it all," she said and drew in breaths of the clear air.

"Even the little house that is my home?" asked Tonie eagerly.

Bianca nodded. "If it had white curtains in the windows," she said, "an' a flower peeping out between, it would then be like my own home across the seas."

"Do you think," asked Tonie haltingly, "that you—could put those curtains there, an' make it—your home, mebbe, Bianca? I know you little while, but Oh! I love you much. So much I want you, be my wife Bianca."

Swiftly the girl bent again to her work, then the dark eyes flashed a glance of promise.

"By an' by," murmured Bianca, "sometime, I tell you."

Two Makers of Canada

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE LORD STRATHCONA

Among the Canadian books that have come to be recognized as standard works a high place is taken by the series known as "The Makers of Canada." They were first published by George N. Morang, of Toronto, in 1904, and comprised twenty volumes covering Canadian history from Champlain to Macdonald and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Each period and historical figure discussed was dealt with by a scholar and writer particularly conversant with his subject, the result being to gather into the confined space of a few volumes a comprehensive view of Canadian history.

With the more than twenty years that have passed since this series was first published there has taken place a vast amount of research and discovery in the history of this country, and episodes and characters of past days are now much more clearly seen than they previously were. Thus the Oxford Press of Toronto, into whose possession the plates of these books have passed, very wisely decided to issue a new and revised edition of the series. This has been produced under the able editorship of W. L. Grant, M.A., LL.D., who has succeeded in greatly adding to the historical value of the work. Each volume has been carefully gone over and revised, and in some cases whole books have been re-written in the light of newly discovered facts.

Perhaps the most important improvement in the series is the addition of a volume on the lives and work of Lord Strathcona and Sir William Van Horne. It was obviously imperative that Western Canada should receive more attention than was possible when the series first appeared, and no better way of doing it could be devised than in presenting a faithful account of the life work of the two men who, more than anyone else, had to do with the foundation of the Canadian West. In John McNaughton's life of Strathcona and Walter Vaughan's life of Van Horne were the ideal books for the purpose. They are, of themselves, a rich storehouse of information concerning the founding and building of the West. The dynamic force of Van Horne built the Canadian Pacific, the railroad that made Confederation an actual fact. His work was and still is an epic of Canadian history and he, like Strathcona, rightly belongs to that company of giants who may properly be termed "Makers of Canada."

Disraeli's Bluff.

There is an entertaining story of Disraeli in Major-Gen. Sir Leopold Swaine's recent volume of reminiscences. There was a moment during the Berlin Congress of 1878 when it seemed as if the British and Russian contentions could not be brought into harmony. On the morning of the fourth day Bismarck called on Disraeli. They spoke on every other subject except the Congress. Finally Bismarck got up to go, and said, "I don't know if you and Gortschakoff, the Russian delegate, have come to an amicable agreement, but I trust whatever may happen this afternoon, that when you return to England you will take with you a pleasant recollection of your stay in Berlin." "I shall certainly do that," said Dizzy, "for I have met with nothing but kindness and consideration from everyone. Only this morning I had another proof of it. I sent to the stationmaster to inquire how much notice I must give for a special train to be got ready to take me back to London. The reply, most civilly worded, was to the effect that two hours would suffice." Bismarck went straight to Gortschakoff to tell him that Dizzy meant fighting if he did not give in. "He gave in," adds Sir Leopold Swaine.

Where the Jews Are.

In Great Britain and the Irish Free State there are only about 300,000 Jews. Ten million are to be found in Russia. Roumania and Hungary have at least a million, and Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, and Austria account for another million.

It is estimated that, of the total inhabitants of New York, the Jewish population of 1,750,000 represents a third. It is, however, only the concentration of Jews in certain places that causes them to appear a more numerous race than they really are. Most regions of the world have no Jews at all.

A Knockout.

A policeman caught a Welsh motorist exceeding the speed limit.

"Your name, please," he demanded.

"Aubrey Llewellyn Brynmot Llewellyn," came the reply.

The policeman put his notebook away and looked sternly at the offender.

"Well, don't let me catch you again," he said, severely.

FOUNDER OF MUSEUMS.

Memorial Window Unveiled at the Old Ashmolean Museum.

John Tradescant, an Englishman who lived and died at Lambeth during the reign of Elizabeth, is worthy of the honor that has been done to his memory by the unveiling of a memorial window at the Old Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, England.

Apart from being the first collector of natural history specimens, Tradescant was the man who introduced into England the grateful shade of the familiar London tree, the Western plane. He was the first to grow the tulip tree in his Lambeth garden, and also imported the acacia into England.

He is well known to gardeners by reason of the little plant, the spiderwort, or Tradescantia, named after him. The Virginia creeper that flourishes on countless cottage window-sills throughout the country is another little reminder of this man, who visited Virginia in 1637 and again in 1654.

To him we owe the introduction into England of many valuable trees and plants. But he has a greater claim to distinction. His museum, called "Tradescant's Ark," was the first museum in England. Although it contained dried mermaids and two-headed basilisks and bezoar stones and a deal of wonderful rubbish, it also contained a stuffed Dodo, the head of which, all that remains of this melancholy bird, is now in the Cambridge Museum.

The contents of the "Ark" passed to Elias Ashmole, who incorporated them into his museum at Oxford. Indeed, the Old Ashmolean Museum was originally built to house Tradescant's collection.

At Lambeth, whence he set forth on his expeditions to the North Cape, to Virginia, and against the Barbary pirates, there are only entries in a few musty registers to connect it with not the least famous of its citizens.

No Cause For Worry.

Painter (to his servant)—Now, carry this picture to the exhibition gallery, but be careful, for the paint is not quite dry yet. Servant—Oh, that's all right. I'll put on an old coat.—Fliegende Blatter.

Shaking Hands.

Few people know how to shake hands well. The general run of folk either give a limp paw and allow it to be shaken or else grasp yours in theirs and nearly dislocate it with their violence.—London World.

MERCY.

To show mercy is nothing; thy soul must be full of mercy. To be pure is nothing; thou must be pure in heart also.—Ruskin.

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Carrots
Beets
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Tomatoes
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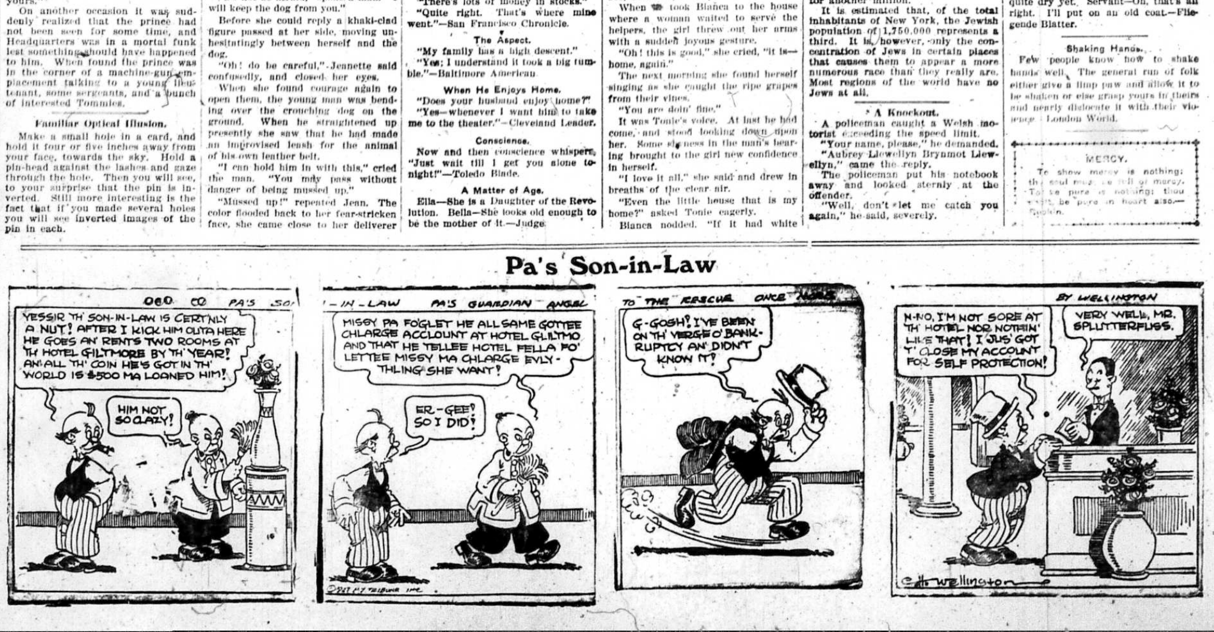
ODD CO PA'S SON-IN-LAW PA'S GUARDIAN ANGEL TO THE RESCUE ONCE MORE
BY WELLINGTON
YESSIR TH' SON-IN-LAW IS CERT'NLY A NUT! AFTER I KICK HIM OUTA HERE HE GOES AN' RENTS TWO ROOMS AT TH' HOTEL GILTMORE BY TH' YEAR! AN' ALL TH' COIN HE'S GOT IN TH' WORLD IS $500 MA LOANED HIM!
HIM NOT SO CLAZY!
MISSY PA FOGLET HE ALL SAME GOTTEE CHLARGE ACCOUNT AT HOTEL GILTMO AND THAT HE TELLEE HOTEL FELLA FO' LETTEE MISSY MA CHLARGE EVLYTHLING SHE WANT!
ER-GEE? SO I DID?
G-GOSH! I'VE BEEN ON TH' VERGE O' BANKRUPTCY AN' DIDN'T KNOW IT!
N-NO, I'M NOT SORE AT TH' HOTEL NOR NOTHIN' LIKE THAT! I JUS' GOT T' CLOSE MY ACCOUNT FOR SELF PROTECTION!
VERY WELL, MR. SPLUTTERFUSS.
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WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Hon. J. S. Martin Speaks at Rotary Club.

The Napanee Rotary Club held a farmers' lunch at their meeting this week. Each Rotarian invited a farmer friend as his guest and about 50 people were present. The Hon. John S. Martin, Provincial Minister of Agriculture, was the guest of honor and spoke on the subject of better relations between farmer and townsmen. He also related his experiences with the work that service clubs are doing along this line. Other guests were Dr. Ming, M.L.A., Mr. Anthony Rankin and Mr. P. Gleeson and W. J. Wiggins, President and Secretary of the Napanee Chamber of Commerce, and several Rotarians from Kingston, Belleville, Montreal and other places. Besides community singing, selections were rendered by Mr. Jack Caldwell and Mr. Marvin Rathbun, of Deseronto.

—o—

GROTTO OF LOURDES.

Pilgrims Have Been Wending Their Footsteps Thither Since 1858.

Lourdes, in the south of France, situated on the banks of the River Pau, is visited by thousands every year, whose objective is the famous health giving "grotto of Lourdes." Pilgrims have been wending their footsteps thither since the year 1858, in ever-increasing numbers, says an article in Popular Science.

An interesting legend tells how a young peasant girl of fourteen, one Bernadette Soubirous, declared that the Blessed Virgin had appeared to her several times in a grotto, and had ordered a sanctuary to be erected on the spot, to which many would resort for prayer.

This young peasant girl died in a convent in 1879, but pilgrims soon flocked to the grotto, for reports were circulated of miraculous cures effected by a spring in the grotto. Not only from the surrounding cities did they come, but from all parts of the world.

Now the famous grotto is visited annually by 500,000 pilgrims, many sick and infirm, who come to the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes and bathe in the waters. It is from May to October that the chief pilgrimages take place, the most imposing being the "national pilgrimage," which takes place in August and last three whole days.

The Grotto, the walls of which are blackened with the smoke of candles, is a recess 16 feet deep and 16 feet wide, with a railing surrounding it. Crutches and other offerings adorn the walls, whilst above, on a rock, stand a statue of the Blessed Virgin. The Miraculous Spring lies near by, to the left, and is now shut in by a wall to which taps are affixed. The pilgrims bathe in basins in an adjoining building, where visitors are admitted for one hour only each day.

The Church of the Rosary and the Basilica, not far distant, are also visited by the pilgrims, for not only do they come to seek relief from their ailments, but they come also to pay their devotions.

Another grotto worthy of a visit is the Grotto du Loup. It consists of several chambers with stalagmites and is lighted by electricity.

The town of Lourdes abounds with convents and hospitals, the Hospice St. Frai (named after its foundress) being the place where the sick pilgrims are received on their arrival.

It is to its yearly pilgrimage that Lourdes owes its fame.

Information.

"Pa, what's the 'silent majority?"

"Two men when there's a woman present, my son."—Boston Transcript.

How He Avoided It.

"Have you ever been hissed off the stage?" asked the girl who was thrilled at having met a real actor.

"Oh, no," he replied. "When I'm off the stage I always try to be among friends as much as possible."

—o—

KEEPING UP WITH THE PRICES

"Everybody's profiteering now," said the senior partner in a grape juice firm, "and it's up to us to get a move on. Shall we raise our price, cut down the size of our bottle; or adulterate our grape juice?"

"Gee, you're a back number," the junior partner sneered. "We will do all three, of course. Why can't you be up to date?"

—o—

NO LAWYERS NEED APPLY.

Two college students were arrainged before the magistrate charged with hurdling the low spots in the road in their motor car.

"Have you a lawyer?" asked the magistrate.

"We're not going to have any lawyer," answered the elder of the students. "We've decided to tell the truth."

—o—

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GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.

10.30 a.m. and 7 p.m.—Public worship conducted by the pastor.

Rev. Dr. Colin Young will speak on the work of the United Church among the non-English in Canada at the evening service.

11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.

Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.

Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Prayer meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Take Notice.

That I will not hereafter be responsible for any account contracted in my name by any person whatsoever.

16-ap A. H. DUNCAN.

—o—

Good Tea Not Cheaper.

Because old and poor bulk tea can be purchased to-day rather cheaply, the public should not think they will get satisfaction by buying it. Cheap tea is a most expensive luxury.

—o—

Notice.

Will those who are saving for the W.C.T.U. the coupons of the following: Surprise Soap, Margic Baking Powder, Magic Soda, Royal Yeast, Royal Baking Powder, Gillett's Lye, Gillex or any other article made by the E. Gillet Co., kindly send or bring them to the March meeting of W.C.T.U.

—o—

Died Very Suddenly.

Marshall Campbell Bogart, one of the prominent residents of Richmond township, and a well-known business man of Napanee, passed away very suddenly on Monday night. On Monday afternoon Mr. Bogart was in Napanee apparently in good health, but suddenly complained of being unwell, and was taken to the residence of his niece, Mrs. S. L. Daly where he passed away. His sudden death comes as a shock to his many friends, and his familiar figure will be missed in the town. Mr. Bogart has been a resident on his farm on the Deseronto road for a long number of years Mr. Bogart served two terms in the County Council at the time the county was divided into districts and was honored by being elected to the Warden's chair.

—o—

Napanee Women's Institute.

The large number of members present showed keen interest in Miss Hawley's demonstration of what can be made from crepe paper. St. Patrick's novelties, both useful and decorative, beautiful Oriental poppies, lamp shades, vase stippled with wax, underarm bag embroidered with crepe twist and decorated with Hiawatha beads and many other attractive articles. The committee in charge reported that arrangements are complete for Dr. Reed's lecture on "Bacteria, Yeasts and Moulds in the Kitchen" in the Historical Hall on Friday evening. Silent tribute was paid to the late Mrs. W. S. Herrington, a charter member and one of the first Board of Directors, by all standing with bowed heads for a minute. The April meeting will be addressed by the District President, and tea served, a special collection being taken for Flower Committee Funds.

—o—

Of Interest to Farmers.

In the interests of making farming more profitable and more pleasureable in this vicinity C. A. Anderson & Son have arranged with the Power Farming Division of the Ford Motor Company, of Canada, Limited, and the Oliver Chilled Plow Works, Limited, a two days' Power Farming Conference, to be held at C. A. Anderson & Son's Garage, Napanee, on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 29th and 30th, from 1.30 p.m. to 5 p.m. Several good speakers will discuss "Power Farming," "Preparation of the Seed Bed," "Conserving Soil Moisture," and problems peculiar to this vicinity. The programme bids fair to being an interesting one and should hold information of great value to the farmer. The Conference will be backed by an interesting series of motion picture films which will insure the complete understanding of all discussions. The most novel picture is that which depicts the actual growth of the minute plant roots in the soil and is the first of its kind to be produced. The programme will terminate with a very interesting mechanical course on the use and care of Fordson Tractors.

—o—

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BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Hay Bay Church: Sunday School, 10 a.m.; Public Worship, 11 a.m.

Bethany Church: Sunday School 1.30 p.m.; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.

Anderson Church: Sunday School 10.30 a.m.; Public Worship 7.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church:

Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M. A., Vicar.

10.30—Holy Communion.

12.00—Sunday School.

7.00—Evening prayer.

Sermon by Very Rev. W. W. Craig, Dean of St. George's Cathedral.

Daily Lenten services at 8.30 a.m. and (except Wednesday) at 5 p.m. Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to extend our sincere thanks to all our friends in Hay Bay for all their kindness to us.

MRS. J. G. STONE,
AND FAMILY.

—o—

A vast outlay.

Some idea is gained of what an enormous job it is to look after the telephone requirements of the community, when we learn from the Bell Telephone Company's Annual Report that additions and betterments to the Company's property in 1926, made up of land, buildings, central office equipment, outside plant and subscribers' equipment cost $16,978,127.

—o—

St. Andrew's W.M.S.

The March meeting of the W.M.S. was well attended and an interesting program provided. A short prayer service for China was held before the regular hour of meeting. Miss Gandier read the Scripture lesson, Mrs. Valkman had an interesting paper on Chap. V of the study book, "New Days in Old India," the Misses Lancaster played a piano duett, Mrs. Gilbride dedicated the offering. Mrs. Craig and Mrs. Pringle were tea hostesses and all stayed to enjoy the social half hour.

—o—

In The Forefront.

Although business conitions were not uniformly good through out 1926, the number of telephones gained during the year was 40,840, the Annual Report of the Bell Telephone Company points out. The total of Bell telephones in service in Ontario and Quebec on December 31st last, was 630,161. Add to this total, 132,786 telephones operated by independent companies and connecting with Bell exchanges and you have a development which places the two provinces in the forefront as regards this important service.

—o—

Our Fire Fighters.

No organization gets more kicks than a volunteer fire department, says The Listowel Standard. When there is a fire minutes seem like hours before the water is turned on. People are quick to criticise and slow to praise. But the firemen work as fast as they can, with meagre and poor equipment; they disregard their own safety, their own comfort; and while the critics look on they go into burning buildings, get smoked up and soaked up, ruin their clothes and perhaps injure themselves, all for the honor and glory of serving us in defending our property. Think of these things when you go to the next fire. Slap the chief on the back and tell him the boys did fine.—Port Elgin Times.

—o—

Address and Presentation.

The friends and neighbors of Miss Marion Clark gathered at the home of Mr. Neltie Hart on Thursday evening and presented Miss Marion, who is leaving shortly as nurse-in-training in Rockwood Hospital, Kingston, with a beautiful wrist watch, and address, which was read by Miss Edith Coleman.

Dear Marion:

We are sorry that you are going, but we hope that your new career will be very happy and truly successful. You are undertaking a work which will give you great opportunities for exercising that useful and helpful faculty which we are sure you possess in abundant measure. We are going to miss you very much and the Sunday School, the Young People's Association, the junior Auxiliary and all your other friends feel that your absence will mean a real loss to them. We hope that you will miss us a little and that you will think of us all sometimes. To remind you of us, and to show our appreciation to you, we ask you to accept this small token of our regard. May every hour which it records be a happy one for you.

Signed on behalf of your friends,

MRS. NELTIE HART,
MRS. GEORGE GRASS.
MRS. FRED. KING.

Marion was taken completely by surprise, but in a few well chosen words expressed her appreciation for the gift. The evening was spent in cards, dancing and music. After lunch was served all dispersed, wishing Marion every success in her new career.

—o—

Rastus—"Quick, Sam, a wildcat jes run into yo' house where yo' wife am."

Sam—"Well, he'll jes' hab to git out de bes' way he kin—dat's all."

—o—

A colored lady had accompanied her mistress to an entertainment where a medium had aroused much interest by reading a news paper through a thick black cloth while blindfolded. At this juncture the colored lady got up to leave.

"You are not going, are you, Aunty?" asked her mistress.

"Ah suah is," replied Aunty. "Dis heah am no place foh a 'spe'ble cullahd lady wid nothin on but a thin calico dress."

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. W. R. Tanton, Pastor.

10.00 a.m.—Class meeting.

10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Rev. Dr. Colin Young.

11.35 a.m.—Church School and Bible Classes.

6.30—Organ recital.

7.00 p.m.—Evening Worship. Rev. Dr. Stewart, Vice Principal Chinese Union University.

Monday, 7.30 p. m.—Young People's League.

Wednesday, 7.30—"An Hour of Bible Study."

A SHOCK FOR THE QUEEN

MARQUIS' JOKES ABOUT HIS COUNTRYMEN.

How Scottish Provost Made Queen Victoria Laugh—A Mucky-Skinned Lot—What the Gillie Thought—Thrift, Indeed.

The Marquis of Huntly, in his entertaining book of reminiscences under the title of "Milestones," tells a good story of how a Scottish Provost made Queen Victoria laugh heartily. The story was told to Lord Huntly by the Queen herself.

On the occasion of her departure from Balmoral for the south by train for the first time, it was arranged that they should stop at Forfar to receive a loyal address from the authorities of that county town.

The train drew up at the station, and on the red-carpeted platform stood the first magistrate, wearing his chain of office, with a row of councillors in fur-tipped robes behind him. The Provost had the address in his hand to read to the Queen and Prince Albert, who were standing at the door of the saloon carriage.

He began: "May it please yer Maajestie," became flustered, repeated the words, and finally folded up the address and presented it to the Queen, saying, with a wave of his hand, "Awm the Provost of Forfar, an' thae billies are the Toon Council." ("Billies" is local for "fellows).

A famous Scots gillie, John Parker, missed gaffing a salmon for Mr. Digby Cayley, an enthusiatsic angler, who was so annoyed with Parker's carelessness that he cursed him roundly. The more Cayley cursed, the more Jack laughed. At last Cayley demanded: "What the devil are you laughing at?"

Parker replied: "I'm laughing to think what a fine natteral blackguard you would have made if you hadn't been born a gentleman."

On another occasion Cayley was staying at a little country inn in Scotland. There was no bathroom, and in the morning Cayley got Parker to bring buckets of cold water to his room.

At night, on their return to the inn after a long day's fishing, Cayley asked for some buckets of hot water. "What for?" demanded Jack. "I want a bath," replied Cayley. "You had one this morning," replied Parker "I know that," assented Cayley, "and I want another now."

"Well!" retorted Parker, in surprise, "I've only had one bath in my life; and all I can say is that I think society folks must be a strange, mucky-skinned lot."

The book contains a humorous allusion to the early days of the Salvation Army. A man dressed in its uniform was waiting on the platform of a Stonehaven station, and addressed an inquiry to the station-master, who was a great character.

When the latter had given him the required information, he said, politely, "I didna ken your uniform. Mebbe it's the undress of some South-country regiment?" "I am an officer of the Salvation Army," was the reply. "Where are ye goin'?" "I am going to drive the devil out of Aberdeen." "For Heaven's sake, man, head him north!" said the station-master.

Lord Huntly recalls the first bicycle, with a big wheel in front and a little one behind. A farmer who lived in the parish of Birse used to ride one of these "bone-shakers." He was recommended to have a safety free-wheel machine, and bought one and rode it home.

All went well until he reached a steep descent. Going downhill, the machine got the better of him, racing to the bottom, smashing into a big granite boulder at the turn of the road, and sending him head over heels into a whin-bush.

He got up, none the worse, shook the prickles off his clothes, and surveyed the wrecked wheel. "Ca' that a safety!" he said, to no one in particular, as he picked up the pieces.

Most of the best stories against themselves emanate from the Scottish people. Charles Brown was a shrewd man, noted for his talents at bargaining. On one occasion he decided to take a holiday in foreign parts, and obtained an all-round tourist third-class ticket for £7 (in war days, of course!) which enabled him to visit Paris, Switerland, Vienna, Berlin, and Brussels. He accomplished the tour—taking no luggage and only an overcoat with him — in about ten days.

On his return he was asked how he enjoyed himself.

"Fine," he said. "I saw all the sights in the cities, and the whole trip did not cost me ten pounds!"

"Good gracious!" was the reply. "That would hardly pay for your food!"

"Faix! but I was weel provided," said Brown, 'I took with me some bannocks, six hard-boiled eggs, a bottle of milk, and a cold hen in my pockets, and they lasted me as far as Basle."

A perfect example of a thrifty nature.

There was a rather wild laird in the North of Scotland who always kept open house for visitors. Among his boon companions was a man called Ian Mortimer of Birse Begg. So convivial were the entertainments provided by the host that Mortimer made a bargain with his groom not to get drunk on the same night as his master when dining at this house, and the agreement was to take turn and turn about at the carouse.

One cold, snowy December day Mortimer and his groom had driven to partake of their host's hospitality, and it was Mortimer's turn to drink as much as he wished. Dinner was over, and the fun was at its height, when a red face peered round the door, and Mortimer's groom warned his master: "Keep sober, Birse Gegg, keep sober, for it's a' up wi' me." He had been overcome by the weather, the warmth, and the whisky, but yet [illegible] for his laird!

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THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction.

We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

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UNDERTAKERS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
WALLPAPERS WINDOW SHADES AND MOULDINGS
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SIMPLE MIXTURE STOPS GAS BLOATING

Simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adlerika, often helps stomach trouble in TEN minutes by removing GAS. Brings out a surprising amount of old waste matter you never thought was in your system. Stops that full, bloated feeling and makes you enjoy eating. Excellent for chronic constipation. Adlerika works QUICK and delightfully easy. Wallace's Drug Store.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Vilma Banky, the Hungarian Rhapsody" of the screen, is once more appearing opposite Rudolph Valentino in "THE SON OF THE SHEIK," his new starring photoplay. Under the direction of George Fitzmaurice, Miss Banky appears as Yasmin, a desert dancer who wins the love, then the hate of the young tribal chieftain.

Also two good comedies.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Norma Shearer in one of her best features, "THE WANING SEX," in 7 reels. A Metro Goldwyn picture.

Also a 2-reel Western.

Also a two reel comedy.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY

"WATCH YOUR WIFE," Universal Jewel, co-stars Virginia Valli and Pat O'Malley. It is an entertaining domestic comedy drama.

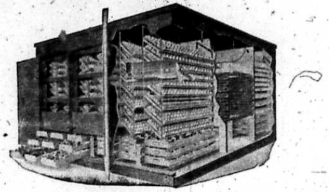
And a special comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop.
Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

Rum, Honey and Tamarac Balsam is the best preparation we know of for stubborn coughs and colds. 35c. a bottle at Wallace's.

Poultry Raisers

LET US DO YOUR HATCHING THIS SPRING



We have four Buckeye Mammoth Incubators, with a total capacity of 36,000 eggs, and as these machines are the last word in Hatching equipment

GET YOUR

Hatching done at our Hatchery and save time, worry and expense. In 1925 and 1926 we headed the list of Hatcheries in Ontario for total percentage of Chicks hatched, our best hatch being 95 good fluffy Chicks from 100 eggs set. Our system of

HATCHING

insures you of getting your own Chicks from your own eggs (this we positively guarantee) and when

DONE AT

Our Hatchery, backed up by our six years' experience, will get your Chicks in quantity and quality, and give them to you all at the same time,—cheaper than you can hatch them yourself.

WE ARE ALREADY IN OPERATION, SO COME IN AND SEE OUR HATCHERY AND LET US TALK THINGS OVER

BABY CHICKS FOR SALE

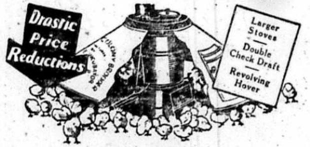
THE M. B. MILLS CO.

House Phone 298 **NAPANEE** **Hatchery Phone 103**

HATCHERY TWO BLOCKS SOUTH OF POST OFFICE

15b

Improved Buckeye Coal-Burning Brooders



The new Buckeye Coal-Burning Brooders give you the *greatest values ever offered*. The prices are drastically reduced. The brooders are improved. If you have lost money having your chicks getting chilled; if you have had trouble watching and coaling your brooder; if you have had the fire go down or go out on cold nights, by all means *come to our store* and let us tell you how Buckeye stops all this trouble and prevents the losses.

The new Buckeye stoves are *larger*. They hold *more coal*. They give *more heat*. They burn soft coal or hard coal longer with one fueling. And the Double Check Draft regulates the fire with greater efficiency. The new Revolving Hover saves time, work and bother. Every attention can be given the brooder without raising the hover or disturbing the chicks.

But let us show you all the Buckeye features. *Come in today* and we will show you how Buckeye saves you money, saves work and saves the lives of your chicks.

Brooders from $16.50 up

The M. B. Mills Co., Napanee

15d

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Genuine

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Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago
Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

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Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions.
Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets
Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

FUR FARMING

Forty-Five Thousand Foxes Pass Inspection.

"During the inspection season which lasted from October till January, about 45,000 foxes were inspected and tattooed for registration purposes," states the Dominion Minister of Agriculture in th elast annual report on the fur farming industry. "This great increase over the previous year indicates the interest and steady growth of the fox industry.

"The pup crop throughout Canada was an average one, and the prices for live foxes were reported as being higher than those of the previous year. As usual, thousands of foxes were exported to the United States, but in addition a number of European countries came to Canada for foundation stock, including Germany, France, Russia, Norway and Great Britain. Norway, as a beginning, purchased five hundred pairs, while, according to the latest information, Russia gave some of her famous sable in exchange for silver foxes. Having established a market in Europe the fox men are looking forward to a good trade for some years to come.

"The average price per pelt, particularly at the Montreal sales, was somewhat lower than that of the previous year. This may be accounted for, however, by the fact that by the yearly inspection all the poorer foxes are weeded out and pelted, thus raising the standard of the breeding stock. In this particular the fox breeders are a step in advance of other breeders of live stock in that thorough inspection for registration, only the good are retained in the ranches for breeding purposes.

"During the year there was a large increase in the number of farms which are raising various kinds of fur-bearing animals in captivity, other than foxes. This is particularly true of mink, muskrat and Chinchilla rabbits.

The muskrat industry is a valuable one to the country, yet with the amount of suitable land scattered throughout the wide Dominion it is possible to increase the output many times under a judicious system of muskrat farming.

"Mink breeders have had a particularly good year as there was a market at very good prices for all they produced, in fact many more could have been sold had they been available. In the fur sales mink skins brought very high prices, as high as forty dollars having been paid for a single skin. Mink is one of the standard furs, which always commands a fair price. As mink thrive well in captivity and can be raised when properly handled at low cost, there is bound to be a still further increase in the number of breeders in this country where the climate is suitable for raising fur of the highest quality.

"Chinchilla rabbit breeding, although comparatively a new industry, has made very rapid strides. The first rabbits were brought into Canada in 1921. Now they are being bred in every province and the demand exceeds the supply, as importations are still being made. The Chinchilla rabbit is comparatively speaking a strong, healthy animal and quite prolific. Breeders claim that one buck is sufficient for ten does, while one doe will give four good, strong litters per year, averaging from six to eight per litter. The fur, which is slightly blue at the base, then ash grey, then pearl grey, merging into white and slightly tipped with black with guard hairs tipped with jet black, is very beautiful indeed and bears a close resemblance to the Chinchilla of South America. As very beautiful garments can be made from these skins the fur is bound to be popular as soon as a regular supply goes to market.

"Up to the present, owing to the fact that very few pelts have been marketed a range of prices has not been established for the fur. However, in Great Britain quotations run from one to six dollars per skin, depending upon size and quality, two dollars being paid for clear baby skins from rabbits five weeks old. As Chinchilla rabbit breeding can be started in a small way without the investment of large capital and as women are quite as successful as men in breeding them, it may be safely predicted that there will be a large increase in Chinchilla rabbit breeding in the course of the next few years."

Farming In British Columbia.

There are 22,000 farmers in British Columbia and a total farm population of 90,000, according to the Hon. E. D. Barrow, Minister of Lands. He points out that the farm population has doubled in ten years and that within this time dairy products had risen from $3,000,000 to $10,000,000 in value. Total farm production rose during the ten-year period of 1915 to 1925 from $31,000,000 to $65,000,000.

Deposits of Torbernite.

Vast deposits of Torbernite were discovered recently in the Ermelo district of the Transvail, South Africa. An expert from Germany was sent out to make tests, and it is now announced that, subject to a final report, a German firm, supported by German bankers to the extent of $10,000,000, are prepared to erect a large plant in the Ermelo district.

Sending Money
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YOU can send any amount of money to any point in Canada at a minimum of expense by using a Standard Bank Money Order. This method is the simplest, safest and most convenient way to send remittances by mail in the Dominion; if the mail goes astray no loss is sustained. Should you desire to send money to a point outside the country, a Standard Bank Draft will serve your puprose for forwarding money to foreign places.

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Branches also at Belleville, Camden East, Deseronto,
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Write for the College catalogue.

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Canning Produce Wanted

We are open to contract for a limited acreage of Corn, Peas and Tomatoes.

Call and see our representative at the Royal Hotel, Napanee, on any Saturday afternoon beginning January 8th.

The E. C. Metcalfe Canning Company

HIS TWO HOBBIES

By F. A. MITCHEL

Ned Corwin while in college, though a good fellow and by no means a grind, was a fine scholar and developed a marked taste for zoology. Extinct animals were his hobby—that is, one of his hobbies, the one next in importance with him being girls. Singular it is that bones thousands of years old and the most beautiful of living things—to men—should reign side by side in the breast of a man.

Later on Ned became a professor in his alma mater.

One day a newspaper announced that in an interior county of the state, not far from the college, a farmer had, while digging, turned up a stony substance that was beyond his comprehension. It was about two feet square and rounded on the edges. The farmer could not make out whether it was bone or stone or indeed what was its substance.

Ned saw the notice and inferred that it was probably a vertebra of an extinct animal. He at once went to the location designated, with a view to an investigation. On arrival he was received by the daughter of the farmer. She was a very pretty rustic, and for the moment Ned forgot all about the bones in his admiration of the girl.

However, his admiring glances were interspersed with the reasons for his being there, and it was not long before she gave way to surprise that he had come all the way from the university to examine a piece of stone. She told him where he could find it and, after having made a little incipient love to her, which he well knew how to do with his eyes without using his tongue, he took a spade from an outhouse and went to examine the stone.

When the young professor returned from his investigations he was greatly changed. He had been under the influence of one of his two natures, now he was under the other. He had been absorbed in a girl, now he was absorbed in the petrified remains of an ichthyosaurus. He talked to the girl, but his mind was on the ichthyosaurus.

"It's carnivorous," he said. "They all were."

"What!" exclaimed the girl, opening her eyes.

"The snout of a porpoise; the teeth of a crocodile."

There was no reply to this, nothing but a look of wonder.

"The sternum of an ornithorhynchus combined with the paddles of a whale."

"Oh, my good gracious," exclaimed the girl, "he's crazy!"

"Fish vertebrae, lizard's head."

"Father!" cried the girl in terror. But her father was out in the fields and did not hear.

"Four paddles and an enormous tail. Must have surely been aquatic."

This was quite enough for the farmer's daughter. She had no doubt that the visitor was mad, and it behooved her to beat a retreat. She dare not run for fear of being followed and murdered. She was of good pluck, and, fixing her eyes on Ned's, she backed toward the house. On reaching the door she slipped inside, bolting it behind her.

"What the dickens is the matter with that girl?" said Ned to himself, suddenly aroused from his reverie about the ichthyosaurus. The farmer's daughter fled through the house, out by the back door and, keeping in line with outhouses and trees to screen her from the maniac, found her father at the plow.

"What in the world is the matter, Cynthie?" he asked, stopping the horses and looking at her in astonishment. "Have you seen a ghost?"

"Worse than that, dad. There's a crazy man on t'other side of the house."

"How do you know he's crazy?"

"Fust off he looked as if he wanted to kiss me; then he borrowed a spade and went to where you turned up the rock t'other day. When he come back he was talkin' looney—about some kind of a beast with a head like a fish and teeth like a crocodile and paddles for to swim and an awful long tail."

"Are you sure he's mad?"

"Mad as a March hare."

"I'll go and see him."

"Don't you do it, pop; he'll kill you sure."

"Waal, then, reckon I better git the neighbors together and take him in. Did he say where he lives?"

"Yes; he's got somepin to do with the college."

"All right. I'll git Hawkins and Smith and we'll corral him and take him home."

That same afternoon when the students were tossing a ball between them on the campus two stalwart farmers were seen approaching, each holding the arm of a man. When they came near enough all recognized Professor Corwin and were seized with apprehension.

"Reckon this man belongs here," said one of the men. "He come to my farm this mornin' and undertook to spark my darter. Then he went to the stone I dug up t'other day, and when he come back he was mad, talkin' about some kind of a big lizard with alligator's teeth and such like."

One of the listeners who caught on to the situation burst into a laugh. The professor's face took on a shamefaced grin; then the crowd shouted in merriment. Taking him from his captors the students, with whom he was a great favorite, lifted him in the air and carried him to his room.

Manitoba's Paper Mill.

The Manitoba Paper Co.'s 125-ton pulp and paper mill, 90 miles north of Winnipeg, and the first pulp and paper mill in the Prairie Provinces, has begun operations. A modern town of 1,000 people is springing up on the site.

Nova Scotia's Fishery Catch.

Nova Scotia's fishery catch, according to final figures, was 314,000,000 pounds in 1926, an increase of 67,000,000 over 1925. The total value was $8,483,671 in 1926 compared with $7,167,851 in 1925.

Do you take Yeast for your health?

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

If so, use
ROYAL YEAST CAKES
—the standard of quality for over 50 years.
Soak a cake of Royal Yeast, with a little sugar, in tepid water over night. Stir well, strain and drink the liquid. Flavor is improved by adding the juice of an orange.

ROYAL
YEAST
CAKES

MAKING A GARDEN.

Man ploughs and plants and digs and weeds
He works with hoe and spade
God sends the sun and rain and air
And thus a garden's made.

He must be proud who tills the soil
And turns the heavy sod,
How wonderful a thing to be
In partnership with God!

—Ida M. Thomas.

CAMELS FOR CANADA?

"Ship of Desert" May Again Walk Western Plains.

Thousands of years ago camels trod the North American Continent when the greater part of it was a desert, we are told. Years later an attempt was made to have them supplant the prairie schooner during the gold rush to California in 1849, and now another attempt is under way to introduce them in Western Canada as a substitute for the time-honored draft horse, and novel scenes soon may be witnessed [illegible] farms in the vicinity of Rosthern, Sask.

Believing camels superior to the best draft horses in the Dominion, a group of Rosthern farmers, natives of Northern Russia, has evolved a plan to bring fifty to one hundred camels to Western Canada to be used in agricultural work, says a Canadian Press despatch. This group has sought the co-operation of the Federal Government in obtaining permission from the Soviet Government to purchase the ancient beasts of burden in the Saratov district, in the Volga region.

In the gold rush of the early days the camels proved unsuccessful in competition against the prairie schooner. They were turned loose in the Arizona desert, and it is reported that descendants of the gold-rush beasts still wander over the paths of the desert. The Rosthern farmers, however, do not look for the failure of their venture.

In Russia camels are used by agriculturists in both Northern and Southern communities, but the Saskatchewan farmers want only those of the north territory. Animals from the colder districts, it is claimed, will be acclimatized to conditions similar to those in Saskatchewan, and would likely suffer very little from the change.

If the Soviet Government, which recently imported horses from Western Canada, views the plan favorably, the Rosthern farmers will send a representative to Russia to arrange for the selection and purchase of the animals.

Camels are said to be much cheaper to maintain than horses. They can work longer hours, require less food, are fast walkers, and are in their prime when fifty years of age. Another saving would be in harness. Only a very crude, home-made construction would be needed. The harness consists of a wide strap around the camel's first hump, attached to a large ring, to which the traces are fixed. Work camels from Northern Russia weigh between 2,000 and 3,000 pounds, and can pack along 1,000 pounds without great effort. The group organized for the purchase of the camels consists of eleven Rosthern farmers, and if its plan proves successful many other farmers in Saskatchewan may purchase the animals to aid in working their lands.

Commenting on the plan, the Winnipeg Tribune, in a recent editorial, said:

If the Russian camels are brought into Saskatchewan, they will be coming home again. True, they have been a long time absent, perhaps a thousand years.

According to authoritative statements, the North American Continent was their original habitat. The first camels, or camel-like animals, says the authority quoted from, lived in North America many thousands of years ago, when the larger part of the continent was a desert. When the climate grew more humid, and the forests grew, these animals migrated. Some crossed Siberia into Asia—via solid land, where is now Bering Strait—and others went to South America, where they are now known as llamas.

The proposal of camel immigration is a novel one. But no doubt those who want the interesting and, in circumstances, useful animal know where it will fit in between the horse and tractor, as a draft animal of economical upkeep and suitable for the rough work of the prairie pioneer.

The Marrying Age.

The average age of males marrying in Canada is 29.7 years, and the average age of females marrying is 25.3 years, so that the average excess of the males' age is 4.4 years. The marriage rate for each 1,000 of the population is 7.2.

By the Merciless Waves

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

During the winter of 1914, being in England and desiring to see something of the pan-European war, I crossed the channel to Flanders. But when I got there I was not permitted to go to the scene of conflict. Not caring to return immediately I went to a hotel on the seashore, intending to spend several days there.

The weather was cold, and the channel, stretching out indefinitely toward the northwest, was a gloomy sight to behold. One morning I heard a booming out at sea, but had no knowledge of what it portended. During the day there was always booming on the land north and south of me, and sometimes it came faintly from the east. These sounds continually reminded me that I was surrounded by war and its consequent distress.

But it was the channel that most affected me. I knew that out there many a merchant crew was sailing in danger of being sent to the bottom of the cold, black waters. Many a submarine crew was dreading lest their vessel become entangled in the enormous wire nets laid by the British trawlers to trap them.

One evening when there was a misty moonlight I was tempted to go out and walk on the beach. I was warmly clothed and enjoyed the icy air that blew against my cheeks. So enjoyable was my jaunt to me that I walked for an hour toward the north, then was about to turn and retrace my steps when I saw something denser than the surrounding atmosphere a short distance ahead of me.

I stood watching it. A thin cloud that had covered the moon passed from it face, giving a slight increase of light and revealed what seemed to me to be a knot of men huddled together. I had once seen a ship at sea about to founder, and these shadowy beings reminded me of its crew standing together about a mast, doubtless gaining some slight comfort from one another while waiting for the fatal plunge.

Curiosity led me to approach what I saw, and I walked forward. But somehow I got no nearer to them, though they gradually became less indistinct, for by keeping my eyes fixed upon them they became individuals, though confused with one another. Their relative position was that of men discussing some momentous question. Nevertheless I heard no sound, nor could I discern any one of them addressing the rest.

Then it seemed to me that they were all looking toward me, but this was rather their position with reference to one another, for I had no evidence that they were facing me. Immediately after this they began to move away from me. I followed, and since I did not gain on them I hastened my steps. But the faster I walked the quicker they receded. Sometimes it seemed that they were tramping, sometimes that they were moving from me without taking steps.

When at last I saw them, or what they appeared to be, leave the beach and move out on the surface of the water I began to suspect that something was wrong with me. I swung my arms, pinched myself, rubbed my eyes. The group remained in my vision till they had gone a few hundred yards from the shore, then stopped and slowly settled down, it seemed, into the water—either this or they faded before me; I could not tell which.

This was the end of my dream, hallucination or whatever it might be. I waited for some time, peering out to where the men had disappeared, wondering if they would return, but they did not, and I considered it high time that I went back to my hotel. Before doing so I noted the locality that I might know it again. There was a little stream of running fresh water that flowed from a lake or swamp a short distance from the beach.

The next morning after an early breakfast I started to go over my walk of the night before. Soon after leaving the hotel I found myself in an unfrequented region. There was not a house in sight. I walked to the runnel I had seen and knew that I was where my vision had disappeared. Turning seaward, I scanned the waters. It was ebb tide. The waves were high under a west wind. Presently, after a wave had rolled over a certain point, I saw in the hollow it had left something that looked like the top of a small steamer's smokestack. Another wave passed over it, and when it had moved on I saw the article again.

I had no glass, and the interval between the waves was too brief to enable me to get a good view of it. So far as I could judge, I saw the top of a smokestack of a sunken vessel.

I concluded to return to the hotel and report what I had seen. I made no mention of my vision. After a good deal of talk and many assurances that I had seen evidence of a wreck a tug was sent to examine what I had seen. I was aboard and directed the captain to the point sought. As we approached it he swept the water with a pair of binoculars and presently exclaimed:

"It's the periscope of a submarine."

And so it was. It was subsequently raised and proved to be a German torpedo boat. In it were twelve Germans, all dead.

This is the only mention I have ever made of my vision or whatever it was, and to this statement my true name is not appended. I do not care to be considered either a liar or a fool or to have broken down nerves.

Rebuttal.

Employer—How dare you tell me you can't live on your salary? You haven't a car, have you? Employee—No, sir. Employer—Sufficient! Every fellow who really can't live on his salary has!—New York Globe.

Not at All Necessary.

"What was the cause of the quarrel with your husband?"

"I want you to understand, judge, that when we want to fight we don't have to have a cause."—New York

JOHNNY'S VALENTINE

By ETHEL HOLMES

Johnny Walsh was a very modest little boy, so modest that when the house across the way and a short distance down the street was occupied by a new family, including a golden haired, blue eyed girl, with pink cheeks and vermilion lips, Johnny's breath was quite taken away by her childish beauty.

Johnny treasured in his heart a delicious something for the girl opposite that he would reveal to no one, least of all to the object of his adoration. So fearful was he that she would suspect it that, when he saw her coming on the street, he would either look down at his toes or up at the sky, but never at her.

The approach of St. Valentine's day was a great relief to Johnny. He could send his little love a valentine expressing his feelings for her without her knowing that he did so. The only obstacle in the way was that he did not know her name and did not dare ask any one who might know for fear of betraying his secret. He was on intimate terms with the grocer's delivery boy, whom he had noticed delivered supplies to both his and her home, and asked him for the name of the family in which his sweetheart belonged. Through Jim he learned the girl's name was Julia Reynolds.

Johnny now had it all his own way. The next thing for him to do was to buy a valentine. He found it difficult to find one to suit him, but at last succeeded, carried it to his room and, locking the door, proceeded to address it to Miss Julia Reynolds of 357 Harrison street, spelling Harrison H-a-r-i-s-e-n.

A terrible thing happened while Johnny was taking the valentine to the letter box. Just as he was about to drop the missive in the box who should come along but the very girl to whom it was addressed! John blushed scarlet and instead of putting the valentine in the box put it in his pocket and walked away, looking up at the sky. It was not till the evening, when darkness covered his romance, that Johnny mailed his valentine in a box a mile from his home.

Whether among the dozen valentines John received there was one from the girl he loved best he did not know. Soon after St. Valentine's day, meeting Julia coming from school, he mustered courage to glance at her and thought he saw a suspicion of a smile on her pretty lips. But he dared not keep his eyes on her long enough to make sure. This was the last time he saw her as a child, for soon after the meeting he saw a doctor's vehicle before the Reynolds door and later heard that his little love was ill.

John's anxiety overcame his bashfulness. He gathered his loose change, amounting to 50 cents, and bought a posy. Then he persuaded a small boy he picked up near the Reynolds house to take it to the door, ring the bell and hand it in, saying that it was for Julia. John stood behind a tree box till the feat was accomplished, then walked away, proud of what he had achieved.

A dozen years passed. John Walsh's remembrance of his little love was a very pleasant one, and often he laughed at his terror lest either the girl or any one else should discover his secret devotion. Being now a man he took no interest in St. Valentine's day, but whenever it came round, though he had forgotten the missive he had sent Julia Reynolds, a pleasant sensation seemed to haunt him. As to Julia, he did not know whether she was still living. Her image remained with him, but as if seen in a mirror that had become clouded. Though his childish love was a thing of the past, neither it nor its object was forgotten.

When John was twenty-two years old he met at an evening function a young lady, with whom he was from the first en rapport. They fell to comparing notes and learned that they had once lived in the same city and in the same neighborhood.

John had been introduced to the young lady as Miss Reynolds, and it occurred to him that this might be his child love. He asked her if her name was Julia, and when she said yes he was sure that she was the girl to whom he had sent the valentine and the posy when she was ill. He had overcome his boyish bashfulness and was happy to avow that he had worshiped her from a distance and had sent her a valentine and flowers. Miss Reynolds listened to this with evident pleasure, but gave no sign of remembering any such boy as John Walsh. John, whose assurance was now equal to his former modesty, swore that he had never forgotten his boyish love and intimated that he would gladly pursue it as a man. Whether the young lady attributed this to gallantry or not she did not say.

Certain it is that there followed a courtship between the two. In its last stages John prided himself on his constancy and feigned to regret that his former devotion had not been appreciated. Miss Reynolds made no reply to these protestations till he had proposed and had been accepted. Then she produced a valentine and a flower, both yellow with age, and in the former there came back to John a dim remembrance of the missive that had cost him so much pain. Julia told him that the flower was one of those he had sent her when she was ill. She had known of his admiration from the first time he had passed her, for he had shown it plainly by his effort to appear unconscious of it.

Close to Us.

"What are the things that touch us most as we look back through the years?" asked a lecturer impressively. There was a moment's pause, and then a small boy in the audience answered, "Our clothes."

Long Courtships.

Bohemia is the country of long courtships. In no other part of the world are they so abnormally drawn out. It is not rare to hear of engagements which have lasted fifteen or twenty years.

A Lucky Strike

By VIVIAN LEE

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Jasper Rolfe saved all he earned and was called a miser. His nephew, Morton Rolfe, spent all he earned and was dubbed a fool by the old man. To the former money always seemed to say, "I've come to stay." To Morton it invariably whispered "Good-bye," until at last realizing that it was the cause of evil, good, happiness and sorrow alike, the extravagant young man decided he must get down to a reasonable system if he ever expected to amount to anything.

His uncle, while niggard as to his own expenditures, had never restricted Morton. He was a man of considerable wealth and owned the gas and electric light company giving service to Millville.

"If you'll put me in charge of something demanding real ability and labor, I'll tackle it," he told his uncle. "I don't want to travel on a pull, or relationship, and I've about made up my mind to settle up my debts and start out on my own initiative."

"Spoken like a man of ambition," commented Jasper Rolfe, for he doubted not that Morton would return a veritable prodigal. "You're leaving at a critical moment, though. There is going to be a rich plum to pick and some money to make on the water supply system here. As you know the present operating company secure their supply from the bottom of Arden river, fifteen miles north. The stream has nearly run dry this season and the water has been unfit for use and a lot of sickness has resulted. If I could get the franchise and the pipe system and reservoir at a bargain, I would cut over to Princeton river, twenty miles west and improve the service. It would cost a fortune, but it would bring an advance in rates and put the stocks and bonds of the company on a high basis. My idea was to make you active in the new enterprise."

Morton was not specially interested in the proposition. He had no plans for the future, and after resigning his secretaryship drifted around Millville for a week, racking his brains for a solution of the problem as to how he should begin to make a mark in the world. He took long walks in the country, and one day, crossing a barren expanse between the two rivers and not more than ten miles from home, he met his fate.

Destiny came in the shape of as pretty a girl as he had ever seen. She even suggested some wild naiad as she flashed into view, hatless and barefooted, crossing a tiny rivulet crowded with rocks. She slipped, fell; and with difficulty dragged herself to dry land. In an instant Morton was by her side.

"You are hurt," he exclaimed solicitously; and shyly but gravely she replied: "It is only my ankle turned. If you would go and tell my father. See, that is our home just over beyond that sapling grove."

"I could carry you that far, if you like," offered Morton. He lifted her bodily and soon reached a house battered and old, with an acre or two under the difficult cultivation that sterile soil allowed.

The father attended to his injured daughter and thanked Morton for his services. Somehow the fair-faced girl and her rude, but picturesque home was a lodestar of attraction to Morton, and the next day found him at the isolated habitation inquiring after her health.

She was Ruth Glenny, he learned, and with her assistance her father just managed to eke out a subsistence. She sat in a rustic home-made arm chair and her frank, innocent ways and unpretentious bearing charmed Morton. He chanced to ask for a drink of water and Mr. Glenny brought a dipper full from a pail so cool and refreshing, and so different from that served out at Millville, that Morton remarked that he must have a very choice well.

"That water doesn't come from a well, but a spring," enlightened Mr. Glenny. "It burst out about a month ago one night over beyond the timber ridge yonder. I want you to see it. A man who happened to pass here last week says that it is a marvel of nature, and that he never saw a larger well except in Florida that is known as a great phenomenon."

Morton Rolfe looked aroused and interested as his host led him to the spring in question. It bubbled forth between two rocks, high and sparkling, forming almost a torrent down a narrow rut.

"What a waste! hundreds of gallons a minute," exclaimed Morton. "Where does it run to?"

"Over to the Princeton river, they tell me," and Morton went back to Millville thoughtful and calculating.

A week later he had an expert hydro engineer on the spot. Before the month was out he held a deed of copartnership with John Glenny. When he had his plans all perfected for piping this supply of pure water to Millville, he went before the town council and submitted a proposition that brought them a fifty years' franchise.

"I never fancied I was born to be rich," observed John Glenny, when the first returns from the joint undertaking materialized.

"And I never hoped for wealth. Oh, such treasure," responded Morton with a devouring glance at Ruth, to him the greatest prize on earth.

Why Latin Is Used.

Even after the downfall of the Western Roman Empire in the fifth century, Latin continued to be what may be called an international language. It was the written language of all higher education. In the matter of physicians' prescriptions the use of Latin is a remnant of that international standing of the language. It makes a prescription good in any civilized country.

Mountain of Alum.

China has a mountain of alum 1,000 feet high.

The Message

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "Rainbow Island," "The Pillar of Light," "Wheel of Fortune," Etc., Etc.

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"That explains it. He is a capital fellow in an office. To ask him to unravel an Oku plot was to set a bat catching sparrows by daylight." They had plenty of time to discuss matters thus coolly. No West African fighting-man would demean himself by delivering an assault on an enemy's position without a preliminary hubbub of yells and wild shooting. It is different when he is the defender. Then he will lie close as a partridge till the precise moment that his usually antiquated guns can most effectually belch forth a destroying blast of nails, iron scraps, pebbles, and broken glass or pottery.

But the seconds passed, and the minutes, and no horde of demoniac figures poured across the open compound. The shooting was incessant, yet no bullet struck the house, though not even an indifferent native marksman could well avoid hitting a big building in which all the living rooms were on the same floor as the verandah, while the lower part of the structure served as a store.

The Hausa soldier-policemen, picked men of the West African Regiment, were trained not to fire without orders. They were far too few in number to line the stockade, which enclosed a space fully two acres in extent. In any case, the defence it afforded was worse than useless. The gates were jammed open by a year's growth of herbage. In some instances, a passage had been made by the simple exedient of removing a whole section. It would demand many hours of labor by a hundred men to put the palisade in a serviceable condition. Hume's effort was to establish a mission, not a fort, in this jungle outpost.

The Hausa sergeant was puzzled in more ways than one. He heard his officer talking English to an Arab, he heard the unmistakable crackling of rifles fully equal to those which he and the others were armed, and he was unable to account for the delay in the attack.

Enjoining on his men the necessity of keeping well within the shadow, he crept along close to the wall until he stood by Colville's side. He was about to ask permission to make a reconnaissance, and thus force the enemy to reveal themselves, when an incident almost without precedent in bush warfare took place.

The indiscriminate firing stopped, the wild-beast noises died away into absolute silence, and a strip of white cotton suddenly became visible in one of the many gaps in the stockade. It was held stationary for a moment, and then a native warrior stepped boldly forth into the moonlight. His magnificent physique was enhanced by the war trappings that decked his head, breast and loins, and he strode forward with the lithe movements of a man in perfect training. When he entered the compound, it was seen that he carried a white flag on a lance. He meant to parley, and such a departure from the savage methods of a semi-cannibal tribe was hitherto unheard of. Usually, an unprotected party of Europeans, whether missionaries or traders, are butchered without mercy if found within the zone of a tribal foray.

"By Gad!" muttered Colville, "they're going to offer terms!"

"I think I can guess what the terms will be," said Warden. "There's a woman in the case, Jimmie—something new in a bush campaign, eh?"

The subaltern did not understand the curious undertone of grim irony in the remark. But he was aware of it, and made no reply. The black warrior had halted. His wonderfully developed sense of hearing warned him that some one not in the house was speaking, and the voices could come from no other place than the gloomy recess beneath the verandah.

"O, Hume!" he cried loudly, "I fit for palaver."

Colville half expected that Warden would answer for Hume. He was mistaken. His senior leaned back against the wall of the storehouse, and folded his arms with the air of a man who meant to abide by a settlement in whose discussions he can take no part.

The negro, though trusting to his vague conception of a code of honor that he associated with fighting against white men, came no nearer.

"O, Hume!" he cried again, "open dem door one-time, an' hear what I fit for say."

In the strange hush succeeding the frenzied uproar that announced the presence of a host of armed natives, the envoy's words were clearly audible to the five people in the upper rooms. Hume came out, followed by Bambuk.

"Who are you and what do you want?" said the missionary. "Why do you come to me at night, and threaten the lives of my friends and myself in this manner."

"I done tell you if Bambuk lib. I no fit for long palaver."

"You are Loanda, I think?" he said, using the vernacular.

"Yes," was the reply. "Tell the white man that the lives of himself and his wife will be spared, and they will be taken in safety to the frontier, if the English girl now in their house is handed over to us at once. She, too, will be well treated. One whom she knows, Miguel Figuero, awaits her at Oku. He is our friend, so she need have no fear. I, Loanda, say it, and that which I say is done."

Bambuk translated this astounding request literally. Evelyn heard every word, and she alone grasped their terrible import. She appeared in the doorway, white faced, with eyes that terror had made almost distraught.

"Miguel Figuero!" repeated the bewildered Hume. "Isn't that the name of the Portuguese rascal you have told us of, Miss Dane?"

"Yes," she said, and her voice was tense with the effort to keep it from breaking. "He is in league with the man of Oku. I knew it, and Captain Warden warned the authorities at home about him, but no one here would listen. Oh, Mr. Hume, it is a dreadful thing to say, but rather than fall into that man's power I would kill myself."

"You surely don't imagine that we would agree to those terms, do you?" Hume was almost indignant, but

Evelyn flung herself on her knees and lifted her clasped hands in agony to the star-studded sky.

"What else can I do?" she wailed. "My life is broken. I have nothing left to live for. If I refuse this offer of peace, it means that all your lives are forfeit—yours and your wife's, and Lord Fairholme's, and those of the officer and men who came here in the launch from Ibi. Tell him I agree. I will go to this man. But make the chief promise to spare you and the others. I must know first that you are safe. Then—O God pardon me!—then—I——O"

"My dear girl—which of us would purchase a few more hours of life at such a price?"

"But you do not understand," she blazed forth. "If the death of one can save many why shouldn't the one die? We can't hope to resist these men; there are thousands of them. And unless I fall by my own hand, they may capture me unharmed after you have given your lives uselessly in my defence. Oh, pity me and pray for me, but do not let me be responsible for the slaughter of the few friends I possess in the world!"

She could no longer restrain her tears. The dark blue dome that typified the heaven to which she looked for mercy was blotted out of sight. She cowered as though from a blow, and wept pitifully. Then a voice rang out from the compound directly in front of where she knelt, and, when the opening syllables reached her ears, though she understood no word that was uttered, her surcharged brain harbored a new dread. For the man who was speaking spoke in Warden's voice—Warden, whom she had learnt to regard as dead these months past. Of course, grief and fear had driven her mad! She swept away the tears that blurred her vision, and peered through the rails of the verandah, but she saw only a cloaked Arab who had stepped forth into the moonlight, and was now addressing stern warnings to the amazed Loanda. And phantasy played her distracted senses another strange trick. The face of the native chief was plainly visible. She watched its expression change from sheer wonderment to baffled rage, and it seemed to her that it was not Loanda who glowered at the Arab who harangued him, but the scowling mask carved on the gourd by Domenico Garcia.

Oh, yes, she was truly mad. She realized it herself, but the others would never suspect it. Then the persistence of the notion brought relief to her aching heart. A kindly delirium might carry her through the ordeal that lay before her. She no longer feared insanity, rather did she welcome it, and now was her chance to act while she was brave, and would not flinch from that which she conceived was her duty.

But why was that tall Arab still talking in Warden's voice, and why did the stalwart savage seem to threaten him with furious gesture? Even while she was gazing between the wooden bars of the railing, she saw Loanda grasp his spear menacingly, whereupon the Arab laughed—and how like it was to Warden's laugh of good-natured raillery!—and a couple of Hausa soldiers appeared, with rifles held suggestively, as men hold shot-guns when they expect a rabbit to scuttle out of a spinney.

Again, being still under the spell of that sudden lunacy, she heard the Arab say in English, and more amazingly than ever in Warden's very tones:

"Now, Jimmie! Four paces to the front in open order—every man—quick!"

An English officer and several soldiers came out into the open. After one glance of sheer astonishment, the Oku chief turned and stalked away towards the bush. He did not deign to hurry, but his lithe, springy gait soon carried him into the sombre shadows. The dramatic silence that followed was broken by the man in an officer's uniform.

"By Gar, Warden, you did that splendidly," he said. "I would never have thought of it. Do you think it will work?"

"For to-night, perhaps. One never knows just how the native mind will look at a thing. It gave Loanda a positvie shock when he was really convinced that a British officer was not only present at most of M'Wanga's war palavers, but had thrown out of gear every field gun in his precious battery. He would not tell me where M'Wanga is now, but I hardly think they will attack us in earnest before consulting him."

"I am inclined to believe you have knocked the bottom out of the whole bally business," said Colville jubilantly. "They are scared to death of you, Warden. You are the first man who had the opportunity to bust up the Oku ju-ju, and, by Jove, didn't you take it?"

But Colville was wrong. The weird hoot of an owl came from the bush, a drum tapped out a signal, and instantly the forest became alive with vivid jets of light. The negroes had begun their fusillade again, and this time they meant to kill, not to frighten. Bullets whistled past the house, imbedded themselves in the stout timbers, tore huge splinters from beams, and hurled shingles from off the roof. It seemed to be a miracle that every person in or near the building was not struck instantly, but the opening volley sent the Hausas to cover beneath the verandah, and they were told to lie flat on the ground behind the protecting supports. To reply to the enemy's fire would be merely a waste of precious ammunition, and the men only carried a small quantity in their bandoliers. The time to fire was when every shot would be effective. Rarely will untrained savages press home an attack when their foremost warriors fall. The Hausa, negroes themselves, had been taught this in many a bush skirmish, and they had absolute confidence in their white leaders, for, by this time, the rumor had gone round that the man in Arab clothing was the well-known deputy commissioner of the Brass river, under whom some of them had fought in the sister protectorate.

Hume, who was cool as any soldier, seized Evelyn's arm the instant that the first bullet crashed into the woodwork. Fairholme, too, had recovered from the stupefying suddenness of what was, to him, a wholly unexpected sequel to a wearisome trip up a fever-laden river. He ran forward to help, and the two men half carried the girl to the protection of the house.

But she had no thought of danger. Though it was dark inside the main living-room, she held them fast when they would have released her, and tried to read their very souls by a look.

"Did you hear?" she gasped. "That man—the Arab—who is he? The other called him Warden? Was it not cruel of him? And why, why, did it seem to me that I heard Arthur's voice?"

"Calm yourself, Miss Dane," said the missionary quietly. "Providence at times adopts means not within mortal ken. I could not follow what was said to Loanda, but Bambuk tells me that, that by some astounding chance, Captain Arthur Warden has not only crossed a large part of Africa, but has lived many weeks in Oku itself, and is now taking measures which will, I trust, by God's mercy, secure our safety."

A queer choking cry came from the girl's parched throat.

"Then I am not mad?" she murmured. "He is really there! And he heard what I said—when—when I offered to go to Figuero?"

"Yes, of course he heard. It seemed to me it was on your account that he made himself known to the chief. But I do not yet understand exactly what happened. I only know that when first he spoke to Colville he used Arabic."

"Yes, by Gad," put in Fairholme, finding an opening at last. "I thought he was a beastly native, an' cut in like a bloomin' ass. Just my usual luck, Evelyn. The favorite got up in the last stride an' pipped the outsider by a short head. Once more in the bally tureen, eh, what?"

The earl's happy-go-lucky method of expressing himself was singularly out of tune with his surroundings. Hume had closed the door, and the windows were already shuttered, so the darkness was now that of Pharaoh's Egypt when Moses stretched forth his hand towards heaven. From without came the incessant crackling of musketry, and the maniacal howling of negroes inspiring each other for the ultimate hand-to-hand fight; within, one heard the hysterical sobbing of Mrs. Hume, the mutterings of the Foulah servant, and the patter of small debris from walls and roof as the building shook under the sledge-hammer blows of bullets travelling at a high velocity. Luckily, as Warden had pointed out, the front of the mission house faced the river, and there was no firing from that quarter as yet. The verandah was approached by a double staircase which mounted from each side and met at a small landing, whence half a dozen steps led to the level of the upper floor. As both sections of the stairs projected beyond the line of the building, their comparatively thin boards were being constantly ripped and split by the leaden missiles that hurtled in from both flanks.

It was spinning a coin with death for any one to descend either to right or left, yet that is what Evelyn did when Lord Fairholme's bizarre explanation brought her back to the world that she had already quitted in imagination. Owing to the tomb-like blackness of the room, neither man was aware of her intent until she had the door opened and was speeding down the shattered stairs.

In her white dress she was a most conspicuous object. A pent-house roof shielded the stairs from sun and rain, but the moment she emerged into the moonlit compound she resembled some ethereal creature sent by the gods to still the wretched strife waged by foolish men. And, spirit-like, she passed unscathed through the hissing and biting rain of lead. She had but one thought—and it fluttered tremulously from her lips.

"Arthur!" she wailed, "Arthur! I am here!"

And again, "Arthur! Come to me! Why don't you speak? It is I, Evelyn. What are you? Oh, Arthur dear, answer me."

Warden was lying by Colville's side behind a main pillar at an angle of the house when he heard the girl's rapt cry. Turning on an elbow, he saw her flitting past. He was up in an instant. With outspoken word he leaped out and clasped her in his arms.

"Oh, good Lord!" he muttered, "they will both be killed!"

But fate had chosen for Warden a strange path to a woman's love, and the fickle goddess shielded him now when he, all a-quiver with the thrill of holding Evelyn in his arms, clasped her tightly and ran with her up the rickety stairs. Even as he hurried to place her in shelter the bushmen had seen the white-robed apparition and concentrated their fire in that direction. Bullets spat against the ground, crashed through the flimsy wooden structure, and pierced their clothing many times—but neither was injured. A few seconds after she had passed through the door Evelyn was carried back again. But it was a fitting outcome of the madness that had fallen on the quiet mission-station that she should be blithely heedless of the mortal peril which both she and her lover had escaped. Even while death was missing them by a hair's breadth, she began to tell Warden in broken phrases how she had never faltered in her belief that he would one day be restored to her, and that she had come to Africa and the Benue strong in the conviction that they would meet there and nowhere else in the wide world.

All of this, and more, was delightfully inaccurate, but Evelyn believed it, and the man who listened believed it, and love was more potent than cold reason, so cold reason was barred out among the shrieking hail of lead that had failed to secure its victims.

Yet their idyll was soon cut short. A red glare became visible through the chinks of door and windows, and Warden knew what it meant.

"They have set fire to the native huts," he said. "They want to see where our men are stationed before they try a rush. I must go, sweetheart. Kiss me! If it is good-bye, I shall die content, for I have passed through much tribulation ere this divine moment was vouchsafed."

Not for all the gold in Africa would she prove herself unworthy of him in that supreme moment.

"Go, then!" she said. "Whether in life or death we shall not be separated again."

Warden was at the door when some one sprang after him. In the growing light of the burning buildings he recognized Colville's companion in the launch.

"I suppose I can count for one in the scrum," said the stranger. "Evelyn promised to be my sister, old chap, an' before we all go under I'll d—n well down a nigger or two for the sake of the family. Can you spare a gun? I'm a good man at driven birds, an' these black jokers are several sizes bigger than black-cock—eh, what?"

CHAPTER XVI.

A Five Minutes' Fight.

Fairholme was soon equipped with a rifle. He was crouching behind a wooden pillar close to Warden and Colville, when a Hausa who had incautiously exposed himself uttered a queer cough and pitched forward on his face, shot through the lungs. The Earl took the man's gun and bandolier, but noticed that none of the others were firing, though a number of black forms were dimly visible through the murk created by the smoke of the blazing huts.

Warden was watching him.

"You will soon get busy," he said. "They are preparing for a rush. Pick out the leaders, the fellows wearing the gaudiest feathers, or carrying a leopard-skin slung across their shoulders."

"You're a funny lookin' bird yourself," chuckled Fairholme. "What price you for the Kingdom Come stakes when the niggers spot you? Every black son of a gun will want to add you to the bag."

"Th[illegible]'s right, Warden," put in Colville [illegible]xiously. "Chuck away that burnous, and stick on poor Toomba's cap. Fairholme can pull it in with the cleaning-rod."

"No," said Warden. "My Arab's livery has served me in good stead thus far. I shall not abandon it until I can borrow the togs of civilization, if ever I need them. Hello, here they come!"

A slackening in the fusillade and a terrific outburst of yells showed that the enemy were breaking cover in force. In an instant the compound seemed to become alive with armed negroes, many of whom had already discarded their modern rifles for the more familiar matchet and spear.

Colville shouted something in the Hausa tongue, and his men, all but two, leaped to their feet. Firing with deadly accuracy at such a short range, they brought down a score of the foremost savages. Fairholme, imbued with the traditions of European warfare, naturally expected that the attack would be pressed home, so he set his teeth and resolved to enter the next world with a royal bodyguard. Remembering Warden's instructions, he looked only for the most gorgeously decorated warriors, and found three, including Loanda himself. Warden, who had secured the rifle of the second wounded Hausa, saw the Earl bowl over a ju-ju man at sixty yards, no mean shooting at night in an atmosphere rapidly become smoke-laken.

"Well done, brother-in-law!" he cried, and in the throes of that deadly strife those two began a friendship not to be severed on this side of the great boundary. As the house was attacked simultaneously on three sides, Colville ran round it to tell each member of his tiny force to fall back on the staircase when hard pressed. The instruction was not given a second too soon. Trusting to their great numbers the men of Oku came on boldly. They were first-rate soldiers in their own way, they anticipated an easy victory, and they were filled with the frenzied desire to use steel rather than lead. That is the bushman's temperament. Killing loses half its ferocious joy if he cannot "paint" his weapon. This sheer lust of blood now served the little garrison in good stead. True, it exposed them to the combined onslaught of hundreds of sinewy negroes, but it saved them from the speedy extermination that must have been their lot were their assailants content to shoot them down at close quarters. In less than a minute after the stockade was passed by the enemy, Warden, Colville, Fairholme, Beni Hassan—who used an adze, he stumbled across in the doorway of the storeroom—the Hausa sergeant and seven of the rank and file—twelve men all told—were in a half circle round the foot of the stairs, and plying rifle and bayonet on a wall of black humanity. The very strength of the attacking force placed it at a disadvantage. The men in front were hindered by those who surged up in ever-increasing waves from the rear. Every shot fired by the defenders effected losses out of all proportion to the general run of wounds inflicted by musketry even in a hand-to-hand engagement. Though the wretched warriors who bore the brunt of the assault might have escaped bullet or butt or bayonet thrust, there was no dodging the withering blasts of powder, which blinded and scorched them, and smote their naked limbs with strange buffets. The eerie yells of those who thought the mission had already fallen mingled with the screams of the wounded and the groans of the dying. The place reeked like a slaughter-house, and the corpses of those who were killed outright, or the maimed and writhing men who had sustained injuries that rendered them incapable of crawling out of that packed space, formed a veritable rampart around the defenders.

At this stage the loss of a skilled leader like Loanda made itself felt among his followers. He would either have set fire to the unprotected rear of the building or drawn off a part of his force and renewed the shooting from a flank. Any such diversion by a tithe of the warriors engaged would render the position immediately untenable by the three white men and the Hausas. When, at last, the flanking manoeuvre was attempted by half a dozen negroes who had extricated themselves unharmed from the press beneath the overhanging roof of the stairs the disastrous effect of their strategy showed what might have been accomplished but for the smallness of their number. Colville fell, and the Hausa sergeant, and two men. A bullet ploughed through Warden's hair, and another ripped Fairholme's coat and shirt and grazed his breast, and these casualties resulted before the few men attempting the enfilade had fired two rounds per rifle.

Warden, alive to a danger that promised instant collapse, slung Colville across his shoulder and gave the order that the few who still remained alive should fall back, still fighting steadily, until they had mounted the double stairs and gained the verandah.

There was no doubt in his mind that the end had come. His surprise had failed. He hoped that the unexpected presence of the Hausas and a party of white people might damp the ardor of the men of Oku, who had looked forward to securing an easy prey in the mission, and could not possibly have anticipated a stubborn resistance by troops whom they had learnt to fear. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred his belief would have been justified. That there was an exception now arose from the fact that the tribal witch-doctors had made much of the modern arms which the tribesmen possessed.

"You have the white man's fetish," they declared. "Hitherto our ju-ju has not prevailed against them. To-day you are invulnerable."

Under European leaders this mistaken logic would not have caused a reversion to the method of combined attack so dear to the native warrior. Loanda and some of his lieutenants had already displayed their shrewdness by harping constantly on the necessity of depending more on the rifle and less on spear or matchet. They would never have permitted an advance in force if they were not certain of their ability to overpower the weak detachment of Hausas at the first rush. In a sense, it was Evelyn's presence that brought about this decision. Their Portuguese ally had made such a point of her capture uninjured that they wished to gratify him, while there were other forcible reasons why they should not waste too many hours on the siege of a paltry place like the mission station.

Though the struggle thus far was short and sharp, the unhappy people within the walls were only too conscious of its developments. To their strained senses it seemed that at any moment the door must be burst open and they would fall into the clutches of merciless savages. They could not tell who was living or dead. The incessant shooting and the howls and agonized cries of the negroes drowned all other sounds. Evelyn thought she heard Warden addressing some order to the Hausas, but she could not be sure. Hume, in whom the man was rapidly supplanting the missioner, wished to take a personal share in the defence, but his wife clung to him in an agony of terror, and implored him not to leave her. While trying to soothe the distracted woman he reflected that he would probably prove more of a hindrance than otherwise in the fighting line. If he used a gun at all it must be as a cudgel, for he did not even understand the mechanism of the breech-block.

Bambuk, though a Mohammedan and a Foulah, was no longer a fighting man. He had waxed fat and prosperous, and he waited now for death with the fatalism he had displayed ever since he knew for certain that the men of Oku were bent on looting Kadana.

Evelyn, leaning against the door, with every faculty on the alert for the slightest indication of Warden's welfare, nevertheless let her mind stray in the most bewildering manner. She was quite devoid of fear. If given her choice, she would be out there in the thick of the struggle, using her puny strength on behalf of the man she loved. But, being condemned to inaction, and finding the darkness oppressive, her memory flew back through time and space to the sunlit day when she sat with Warden and Peter Evans in the little dinghy of the Nancy, and saw the grim face of the Oku chief dancing about on the blue waters of the Solent.

What a trivial incident it was in some respects — yet what a mighty upheaval it portended! No matter in what direction her whirling thoughts took her the carved calabash seemed to be mixed up with events in a way that was hardly credible. It brought her and Warden together. That chance meeting on a summer morning gave them a bond of interest that quickly strengthened into affection and love. Then it led them into the intricacies of a political plot, sent Warden to London, caused him to encounter Mrs. Laing, with all the heartache and misery that resulted therefrom, and cast him ashore at Rabat to become a slave and a desert wanderer.

She herself had been equally its sport. Her knowledge of the men of Oku alone induced Figuero and Baumgartner to conspire against her. If she had never seen the gourd it was more than probable that she would never have gazed on the Benue river. And how persistently that weird creation of Domenico Garcia's skill had clung to either Warden or herself. It was not to be shaken off. Even now, that they were on the very threshold of death, it was lying there in her room, shrouded in a canvas case. She could almost see its evil scowl everlastingly threatening mankind.

Though a fresh outburst of firing startled her highly-strung nerves, she felt somewhat of a thrill of supernatural awe at the fancy that the carved image of the bygone king of Benin had forced its way back to the actual locality in which its human prototype had ruled millions of those very men who were now clamoring for the lives of herself and her companions.

It was a strange notion, and it dominated her for a moment to the exclusion of all else. Could it be possible that there were subtle forces at work of whose existence she was wholly unaware? Had these unhappy blacks some power at command which was denied to those who lorded it over them? Of late she had read a good deal concerning the supposed origin of Obi rites in West African fetish-worship. She had never seen a real ju-ju man until that afternoon, but his appearance and antics were sufficiently striking to create a vivid impression, quite apart from the tragic sequel to his incantation. The queer belief, that the calabash was in some degree responsible for the bloodshed going on within a few feet of where she stood, so took hold of her that she found the continued darkness unbearable.

"Mr. Hume," she said, forcing her parched lips to utter the words, "don't you think the lamp might be lit now? It cannot make much difference. We are nearing the end."

For reply Hume struck a match, and applied it to the wick. The comfortable and spacious room suddenly assumed its familiar guise. It looked quiet and homelike. The turmoil raging beneath seemed to be absurdly incongruous — a horrible dream rather than a dread reality.

Yet the lamp was hardly well alight ere Warden's voice came from the verandah.

"Open the door, Hume!" he cried. "Colville is wounded!"

Evelyn, owing to her nearness, flung wide the door before the missionary could reach it. Warden stood there, ghastly to behold, but still apparently free from any grave injury. His left arm encircled Colville's limp body, and in his right hand was a gun-barrel from which the stock had been broken off. In his Arab costume, travel-soiled and blood-stained, he looked the incarnation of fearsome war, while the seemingly lifeless form he carried added a note of horror to his appalling aspect.

But when he saw Evelyn he actually smiled. She caught the tender look in his eyes through the mask of blood and dirt and perspiration.

"I fear it is all up with us, sweetheart," he said. "I don't think Colville is dead, but it is only a matter of seconds for him and the rest of us. Have you a revolver? Give me that lamp. It may help a little. Under this low roof we cannot distinguish friend from foe."

He spoke so gently, with such well-balanced modulation that he might have been standing at the door of some peaceful villa overlooking the Thames, with no more serious purport in its words than to light the way for a guest. But a rush and a furious melee on the stairs showed what manner of guests might be expected, and that ominous question anent a revolver was not lost on Evelyn. Hume took Colville into his arms, and Warden, without waiting for the lamp, turned to reinforce the five men who now held the enemy at bay.

The girl, with a Berserk courage worthy of her ancestry, snatched up the lamp and ran with it into the verandah. Attached to a pillar at the head of the stairs was a bracket on which a light was placed each night in the rainy season to attract the insects that would otherwise invade the house. She put the lamp there, and stole one awe-stricken glance at the furious conflict raging on both sides of the lower landing. A bullet fired from a muzzle-loader, sang past her face. She almost wished that a truer aim had found heart or brain, because then she would be spared the affrighting alternative suggested by Warden. If she did not die by her own hand, would the men of Oku kill her? She feared they would not.

For an instant the rays of the lamp enabled the defence to beat back the first surge of what must surely be the final and successful assault. A gigantic native, whom she did not know—but who was swinging an adze in fine style by Warden's side, turned and gazed at her. It was Beni Kalli, Warden's negro henchman. He had seldom seen a white woman, and never one in any way resembling Evelyn. To his untutored mind, she was a spirit.

"Now, may Allah be praised!" he cried joyfully, "we will whip these dogs of pagans back to their swamp, for mine eyes have seen one of the lily maids who tend the Prophet's flock in Paradise."

Warden, who thought his gigantic retainer had gone fey, looked around and found that Evelyn was immediately behind him, though on a slightly higher level. She was in a most perilous position. There was a space of at least three feet between the lower edge of the main roof and the slight scantling that protected the staircase from the tremendous rainstorms of the tropics, and any one standing a little way back from the house could not fail to see her. He forgot the heart-broken advice he had just given her. He only realized that the woman he loved was in mortal peril.

"Go back!" he shouted. "For God's sake, go in and bolt the door! You will be shot from the compound!"

A negro leaped round the corner of the stairs and struck at him with a matchet. Beni Kalli was just in time to parry the blow. Then the adze whirled, and buried itself in the man's skull. Before it could be withdrawn a spear darted up viciously, but Warden's broken rifle diverted the thrust and a Hausa got his bayonet home. Nevertheless, a dozen more negroes were forcing their way up on both sides. Fairholme, valiant little aristocrat was borne down and fell, utterly exhausted, at Evelyn's feet. A Hausa was shot through the head and dropped across Fairholme's body. Three men, Warden, Beni Kalli, and a Hausa, now alone held at bay the human wolves who saw victory within their graps.

To be Continued.

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SHORT CUTS TO BLISS.

Old Country Judge Gives Advice to Husbands and Wives.

In the course of his duties in a Domestic Relations Court in England, Judge Joseph Burke has to listen to many thousands of complaints each year. The following advice, which he gives to those who appear before him, is said to work wonders:—

To Wives.—In an argument it softens the husband to tell him you were wrong—especially when you know you were not.

Don't go to sleep at night with an aching heart. Ask forgiveness. Women do that much easier than men.

Arguments are distasteful and destructive. Men have too many at work to enjoy them when they get home.

Don't refuse to go out with your husband. It is your duty to improve your disposition by relief from drudgery now and then.

Don't bother your husband with petty household annoyances at night.

Tell him he's the world's greatest husband, and he will be.

To Husbands.—Don't hesitate to admit you are in the wrong. It is a matter of small importance and the reward is great.

Make it a rule in your home never to let the day close unhappily. Wipe out the score before you go to sleep.

Prolonged arguments are horrible. There is no torture like one that lasts for years.

Indulge liberally in compliments. They raise a wife's spirits, make her a better cook, a better mother, and a more loving companion.

Gife you wife a diversion from domestic routine. Take her to a play, often, if possible.

Lock petty business troubles in you office at night. Talk over the big troubles with your wife.

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23-1-y

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E. J. POLLARD.
Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

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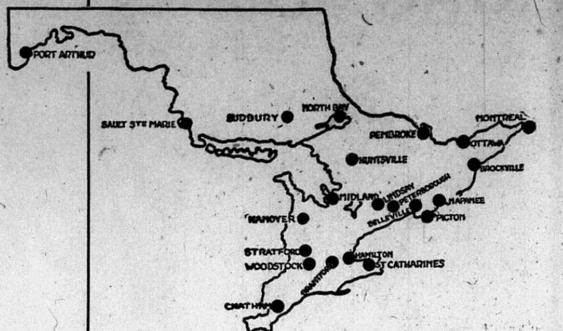

Introducing Canada's Greatest Chain Store System

FORTY or fifty years ago a trip to town was an event in the life of the rural dweller, frequently occasioning the loss of a day's time, often accompanied by hardships of weather and transportation. Yet, even in grandfather's day, the department or general store formed not merely the shopping, but also the social centre of rural life, and it was then that the foundations were laid for many a successful business.

* * * * * *

Since those days, in spite of the keen price arguments advanced by the mail-order houses, the local department store has continued to find favor with the community which it has served so faithfully, and continued to enjoy the confidence of the buying public.

* * * * * *

Now a new and even brighter day is dawning for these stores. Together, the leading department stores of many important cities in Eastern Canada, as shown on the map, are combining the better to serve their communities, in an extensive co-operaive movement which will enable the local department store to compete successfully with the mail-order concern, and to give the rural and small city dweller the same advantages of personal selection and low price as are enjoyed by the buyers in the largest city stores. This great consolidation is known as the Canadian Department Stores, Limited.

* * * * * *

The average age of these stores is in excess of forty years, and some of them were serving the populace long before the days of Confederation or before the country was united by the telephone and railroads. Throughout these years all the stores under individual management have been consistently profitable and successful. Former owners will continue as managers, and have invested to an average extent of over $100,000 or a total of more than two and a half million in the project.

* * * * * *

The remarkable financial success of chain stores recently established in Canada and the United States speaks volumes for the future possibilities of the Canadian Department Stores, Limited. Sales for the 12 leading chain stores in the States last year totalled more than $660,000,000—a gain of $80,000,000 over 1925.

* * * * * *

Through centralized buying, Canadian Department Stores, Limited will have direct access to world markets and will be able to undersell and outsell competitors. Cash transactions will be encouraged and bad debts eliminated. New branches will later be opened in Ontario and other parts of the Dominion. With the modern ease of transportation, present good roads, and with the substantial advantages and economies of large volume purchasing and strong management, these stores are bound to merit and receive an increasing share of patronage and prosperity.

Canadian Department Stores, Limited, the largest chain store system in Canada, includes the following stores:—

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A. Bristol & Company	Picton
The Robt. Wright Co., Limited,	Brockville
H. H. Engel & Co., Limited,	Hanover
Bryans Limited	Sault Ste. Marie
The Robinson Co., Limited	Napanee
Ogilvie-Lochead, Limited	Brantford
A. A. Fournier Limited	Ottawa
Beamish & Smith, Limited	North Bay
Huntington's Limited	Midland
The Cressman Co., Limited	Peterborough
Beamish & Adams	Huntsville
McLaren & Co., Limited,	St. Catharines
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The Mysterious Gift

By GEORGE ELMER COBB

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In the little transfer depot of a railroad junction, Rolfe Dayton sat muffled up in his overcoat directly behind a bench containing five persons. These were an old man, a woman, evidently his wife, two little children and a young girl, whose grace and beauty were radiant even in the fitful glow of a spluttering oil lamp. Dayton was waiting for a southbound train, the little family group, he gathered from their conversation, for one bound in the opposite direction. Elston had been named as their destination and Dayton was interested, for that was where he resided.

He was a young man not more than thirty, but some adverse experience seemed to have clouded his life, to judge from a certain world weariness in eyes and face. He was courteous to those he came in contact with, but making no close friends or acquaintances.

From what Dayton overheard he was able to surmise that the man was Robert Lane, who had recently failed in the city, broken down in health, and he acted hopeless and discouraged.

The little ones were the orphan children of a married daughter. What attracted the attention of Dayton was the infinite pains of his other daughter, whom he called Arline, and of his wife to cheer him and make him comfortable.

"Only a few hours more, father dear," spoke the young girl soothingly, "and we will be in our new home. Then you must take a long rest and burden your poor tired soul with nothing for weeks and weeks."

"And what is to keep us all from starving in the meantime?" asked the old man with a dismal sigh.

"Oh, we have arranged for everything!" answered Arline brightly. We have been very fortunate to secure that cheap, pretty house in Elston. The rent is scarcely anything; the agent has been most kind in seeing that our furniture was received and put in place. I shall find work, mamma can help out with her sewing and oh! the agent writes me there is a large lot for gardening and chicken houses and buildings for a cow and all that."

"Which looks very fine," submitted the invalid, "but it costs money to stock up such a place."

"Yes, and fast as I earn money we will proceed to do it, if we have to buy only one chicken at a time," declared Arline buoyantly. "Oh! indeed, it will be rare delight to gradually build up our lives new all over and forget our old troubles."

Their train arrived, and Dayton, impelled by his strong human interest in these unfortunates, hastened to relieve Arline of one of the two satchets she carried. She bestowed a grateful word for the courtesy. Dayton stood watching the train till it was gone.

The new life began for the Lanes amid novel and engrossing experiences. Even the depressed father took an interest in life. They got the garden plat ready for planting meantime, and one morning little Edna came rushing into the house quivering with excitement.

"Oh, aunty!" she cried wildly, "the chicken house is just full of the most beautiful hens and roosters you ever saw!"

Arline hurried out to the rear of the lot. She could scarcely believe her eyes. Nearly thirty of the fowl tribe were visible where there had been emptiness. When had they come—who the generous donor? The mystery puzzled and disturbed, but as the days went on no explanation materialized and the Lanes were content to enjoy the gifts that the gods had bestowed.

One day Dayton passed the house and Arline learned that he was their landlord. He bowed politely on that occasion, on another paused to have a little chat with Mr. Lane and one afternoon when there was a circus in town took the two little ones to the entertainment. He seemed to experience a pleasure in witnessing the perfect harmony industry and contentment of the happy home group.

He smiled indulgently as Arline told of her strange acquisition of live poultry and one day the mystery became so no longer. Some one had left the chicken yard gate open. Arline's cherished brood was gone. In great trepidation she ran out into the rear lane. In the distance she made out her disloyal guests led by a majestic chanticleer making for new feeding grounds. As she caught up with them breathless and excited, they filed into the garden and then into the chicken yard of Mr. Rolfe Dayton.

He himself smiled at her pretty confusion from the house porch. Arline was flushed and embarrassed as the truth flashed over her mind.

"You were the generous donor—" she burst forth in her impetuous way.

"Why not? with plenty to spare," he challenged with a smile. "I will see that the truants are returned to your excellent charge. In fact I will myself get them back where they belong."

Which he did, and enjoyed the fun and excitement of chase and capture and Arline joined him, and Dayton dallied at the Lane home, the task accomplished and came again the next day, and the next.

And, so unconsciously had she won his wearied soul from its loneliness that he realized that he had found something worth living for and told Arline so one day, and she was glad.

Greatest Seaport of the World.

Notwithstanding its many and growing rivals, London continues to be the greatest seaport of the world. During the year 1926 ships entered London port having a total tonnage of 24,717,055 tons, and ships cleared having a total tonnage of 22,347,920 tons. The ocean trade of the port that year had a value of over $3,700,000,000.

Oil Plant at Fort Churchill.

A modern plant for extracting oil from whales has been established at Fort Churchill, Ont.

NEW AND UNIQUE HEADLIGHT.

Torontonian Invents Automatic Railway-Crossing Gate or Barrier.

Among the new devices brought to the attention of the manager of tests and contests of the Ontario Motor League recently by Canadians were two of great interest. Mr. C. B. Lewis, of Toronto, demonstrated one of these, the "Auto Oval Light," a new automobile head lamp. This device as applied in the test car practically eliminated all dangerous glare. It is covered by patents both in Canada and the United States and further patents are pending. Incidentally the Ontario Department of Highways, Motor Vehicles Branch, have "approved" this new device.

The reflector is so constructed that the reflection of light is oval in formation, projecting a clearly defined beam of light for a considerabibe distance, providing excellent illumination for night driving.

A unique feature of the device is that the lamp is reversed in the reflector, and the patentees claim that this new principle is very valuable, enabling them to reflect a very clear light without cross rays. It is planned to produce this new reflector so that it can be installed on any car very quickly without changing the headlight cases. Only plain lenses are used with "the Auto Oval Light."

The other invention of interest alluded to is an automatic railway-crossing gate or barrier devised by A. D. Bently as a means to warn vehicular traffic when approaching the danger zone of railway crossings. It resembles conventional railroad gates but functions automatically, the control being operated by the wheels of the train. This control trip is set 2,000 feet (Government regulation) each side of the railway crossing. The train approaching at a rate of speed of one mile per minute sets the signal at the railway crossing three seconds before the gates close. The gates automatically open after a predetermined period of time unless the wheel trip is maintained in a depressed position. The inventor states that his working model has been inspected by experts and declares that he is persuaded it will prove effective and easily maintained.

Here and There

The Canadian Pacific purchasing office located at Sicamous, B.C., spent more than $100,000 in 1926 for Okanagan products. Fifteen years ago such purchases amounted to but $5,000.

With the fisheries of the province of British Columbia running to $21,000,000 annually—or half the Canadian total—numbers of enquiries are being received from financial interests in Eastern Canada and the United States, with a view to spying out business opportunities.

Until the problem of truck competition is solved satisfactorily all transportation in Canada will suffer, according to T. E. McDonnell, Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Express Company, in a Toronto address recently before the Transportation Club. He states that under the present transportation regulations the railway and express companies are operating under very unfair conditions.

For the second time in three weeks the stork has paid a visit to a Canadian Pacific passenger train. Yesterday on the Imperial Limited going east from Vancouver, Mrs. Olson, of Malakwa, B.C., gave birth to a son between Malakwa and Revelstoke. Mrs. Olson was on the way at the time to the Revelstoke hospital. Railway officials and employees did all in their power to render assistance. Telegraphic dispatches from the hospital state that both mother and son are doing well.

The election of J. H. R. Fairbairn, of Montreal, chief engineer of the Canadian Pacific Railway, as president of the Engineering Alumni of the University of Toronto, was announced at a dinner-smoker of the alumni held in Hart House recently. More than 150 graduates acclaimed the new president with the enthusiastic spirit characteristic of a gathering of "School" men. The chief speakers of the evening were Sir Robert Falconer, President of the University, and Mr. Fairbairn.

The rapid strides made by Prince Edward Island's seed potato business, aggregating 800,000 bushels for the past season, mostly shipped south, formed a subject of discussion at the 51st annual convention of the New Brunswick Farmers' and Dairymen's Association here. It was pointed out that this business has rapidly developed; that ten years back not a single seed potato was sold outside of the province. The remarkable advance in this business was due, it was claimed, to the production of a disease-free potato.

Immigration to Canada in the ten months of the fiscal year ending January 31st, amounted to 118,199, compared with 76,439 for the same period of 1925-6. This is an increase of 55 per cent. January immigration amounted to 4,164, compared with 2,324 for the preceding January, a gain of 79 per cent. Of this immigration 899 were British, 905 from the United States and 2,360 from other countries. During January 2,297 Canadians who had gone to the United States with the intention of remaining permanently returned to Canada, making a total of 50,898 so returned for the ten months of the fiscal year.

The Hon. William D. Euler, Minister of Customs and Excise, announces that the present period of 30 days of free entry into Canada of United States motor tourists on a permit will be extended to 90 days, to conform with the privilege now granted by the United States authorities, who admit Canadian cars carrying motor tourists free into that country for 90 days. The only difference will be that the Canadian permit will not initially be for 90 days, but for a first and second 30-day extension, if and when the tourists can show bona-fides and recommendation from reputable associations of automobilists in the United States. A larger tourist movement in Canada is expected to result from the change.

GODHAVEN, GREENLAND.

Eskimo Songs to Be Broadcast for Canadians.

That Godhaven, Greenland, is the ideal place for radio reception; that there is no weakening of signals, no fading or disturbance which has anything to do with radio, in that distant land, is the statement of Hugo Holten-Moeller, manager of station OGG at Godhaven.

Furthermore he states that the northern lights have very little if any effect on radio reception there, a fact corroborated from Alaska. Grant Raymond, manager of the Hudson Bay post at Barrow, Alaska, in a recent visit to this part of the world told his friends that with proper operation of the loop aerial the disturbances of the northern lights can be eliminated at Barrow.

Mr. Holten-Moeller has been carrying on a number of experiments in Greenland by which he has been able to supply Canadian listeners of the far north, as well as the Danish inhabitants of Greenland, with some music. He is at present engaged on low wave transmission, although handicapped with power. He expects soon to be able to broadcast on the short waves concerts of Eskimo songs with sufficient strength for them to be picked up by broadcasting stations in Canada and the United States. From these sources they may then be re-broadcast so that everyone can hear the type of music in vogue in the land of the midnight sun.

Nell's Letter

By JACK LAWTON

(Copyright, 1918, Western Newspaper Union.)

The old lady seated in the lamplight looked up and smiled as a man appeared in the doorway.

"Come in Jed," she invited. "I could hardly wait to see you. Another letter has come from Nell and it's full of good news. I declare the girl's spirit seems to be overflowing in joyousness." She paused, as the man dropped into an opposite chair, his kind eyes were bent upon her; "What a man you are dear," the old lady exclaimed, "rejoicing always with me in Nell's welfare, when you might instead know bitterness. Sometimes—" the gentle voice faltered, "I think your love for my daughter equals that of her mother—self-effacing, devoted. And I can never lose the old regret that you are not my son—Jed."

"The best man won, mother," he said, for quite naturally he had adopted the name.

The old lady unfolded a closely written letter.

"Their apartment in New York must be a luxurious place," she said, "read for yourself Jed. Nell describes it as a sort of background to her wonderfully appointed way of living—her description of places and people runs like an enchanted tale. Only one on the inside of things could write so graphically."

Nell's mother sighed as the man took the letter.

"Nell says that she must still postpone her home visit. Her husband is absorbed in business, and cannot bear the thought of being separated from her, so like a dutiful wife, Nell remains. If my health would permit, I would go to her—but that is now impossible."

"Be patient a little longer," he said, "she is sure to come home soon. Strange how her father was prejudiced against Lester Williams—in fact how ready we all were to believe him other than he pretended."

When Nell's father refused consent to his daughter's marriage with a man of whom he knew nothing—Nell had hurled defiance and bidden her mother good-bye.

During her father's last days, though his daughter was separated from him, he was glad to know that his fears were unfounded, that as a husband Lester Williams had proven himself all that could be desired. So Jed, in his greater love found contentment in that knowledge.

He was glad to make less lonely the hours of the invalid mother. Together they read, and delighted in the girl's glowing descriptions of her New York life. Often in a scented letter came a check—not that mother was in need of checks—just a bit of Nell's "pin money." And then, one evening as Jed sat in his chair at one side of the fire, and the happily anticipating mother in another—he found that she had apparently fallen asleep, naturally—but it was a sleep from which even Nell's voice could never awaken her.

Jed frantically tried to reach Lester Williams by telegraph, but there was some misunderstanding and he could not be found; so, in his eagerness to soften the blow, Jed himself undertook the journey to the distant city.

If Nell's husband were away the sad news might be less hard to hear from the lips of a friend. He thought as he hastened down an unpretentious street past old houses, that he must have mistaken the address. But here was undeniably No. 815.

A woman who opened the door hesitated at his inquiry for "Mrs. Lester Williams." Then her face brightened.

"Mrs. Nell Williams you mean probably," she said, and directed Jed up a shabby stair. "Room 19," she added, and perplexed by the pervading dinginess, Jed obeyed.

It was Nell herself who actually opened the door, a wraith-like Nell, in a frock as unpretentious as her surroundings.

"Jed!" she cried, just that; and "Jed" again.

Then in a strangely natural manner, the little white Nell was folded in Jed's arms, while he gave the message of his visit.

After a while she looked up at him. "She was happy?" Nell demanded. "Mother was happy?"

Gently Jed released her, and gave the assurance.

"Because," said Nell, "I had to know, you see, if all my deceit and lying had gone for naught. I could not break their hearts could I?" she cried fiercely, "and pride would not let me creep back, owning myself in the wrong. I was never married to Lester Williams. I have never known that comforting care of which I wrote.

"When Lester Williams came to meet me upon the night we were to be married, he was intoxicated, a pitiable, contemptible creature—I have not seen him since. When my supply of money was exhausted, I showed letters to mother that I had written—with little change—to an editor. He has been pleased to sell them as the 'Letters of a Happy Wife.' Thus I have managed to live, my consolation the thought that I [illegible] spared my dear ones all the [illegible] new the exposure would mean to them."

And as the woman he loved, white-faced, finished her confession, with all the [illegible] tenderness of years, Jed [illegible] into his arms.

"We [illegible] now Nell," he said.

Canada's Wheat for Old Country.

Canada has got to be the source of supply of wheat for the Old Country for some time to come, according to Sir Herbert Matthews, secretary of the Central Chamber of British Agriculture. He could see very little prospect of Russian wheat again being largely consumed in the Old Country and with the uncertainty of supply from India, together with the fact that people in such countries as India, China and Japan were steadily consuming more wheat products, it was his opinion that Canada is likely to be looked to more and more as Britain's chief source of supply of wheat.

Norma's Choice

By OTILLIA F. PFEIFFER

(Copyright, 1919, by the Western Newspaper Union.)

"It will have to be Uncle Darius this time, then, Norma, dear," spoke Mrs. Burton. "We are not by any means at poverty's door, but we can hardly afford the outfit and other expense of a Cape Bay trip."

"It would be a sinful waste, mamma," declared the daughter. "I was so bored with affected ladies of fashion and posers and spooners among the men last season that I was glad when I got home again."

Mrs. Burton was no maneuvering mother, but the world had taught her many practical lessons. The Burtons had always held their heads high in a social way. They had been particular and exclusive in their selection of friends, and when Norma was eighteen drew the lines still more rigidly. It was with a faultless and tactical chaperon that Norma had passed a season at Cape Bay. Proposals came to her innumerable, but she had only laughed at the idea of marriage and had returned home heart free.

"Why not Uncle Darius, mamma?" Norma inquired artlessly, and her mother at first held up her hands in dismay.

"Norma," she said, "don't you know that he is as poor as a church mouse? He fills a very inferior position, I learn, with a railroad. He and my sister have absolutely receded from any social prestige, and you will vegetate in the dead town where they barely subsist."

"I can't help it," replied Norma. "I took a great liking to both of them when they visited us three years ago."

It was a relief to Norma, after her mother had finally acquiesced in her plans, to pack up sensible attire and anticipate how she could run to her heart's desire away from the burdensome exactions of fashion and society. She arrived at Brocton after dark, and certainly, the single block of downtown stores, the solitary railway shops, the little house and the unlighted and unpaved streets did not look very inviting. Plain, homespun Uncle Darius piloted the way to a little old cottage of four rooms not 500 feet from the depot.

"I don't know how you will manage to put in the time, dear," said Aunt Mary. "You see, we lost the old homestead and had to move to humbler quarters, and Darius has been obliged to take a position as signal man at the Main street crossing."

There were woods and lakes near the little town, and Norma did not find any oppressive dullness. She took pleasure in spelling Uncle Darius at his task. There was a little shed at the crossing, and Norma liked to sit there with the old man listening to quaint tales of his long life experience. Whenever a train was coming he had the conventional sheet metal sign bearing the ominous command "Stop!" which he would wave to warn approaching vehicles and pedestrians. One day Norma noticed a sinister visaged man hanging around the depot, and several times when trains arrived he wandered up and down the tracks as though expecting somebody.

She never forgot the morning when No. 6 passenger reached the depot. She was on hand with the "Stop" signal and waving it to halt an approaching farmer's wagon, when a young man stepped off the rear platform of the last car, a light satchel in his hand, and started to cross the tracks in the direction of the car shops. He had not proceeded ten feet when from behind a pile of ties there sprang before him the sinister appearing lurker. With a piece of iron covered with a handkerchief he dealt the newcomer a blow that drove him prostrate, tore the satchel from his hand and darted forward across the tracks. Norma was startled, shocked, but she at once realized the object of the assailant of the man was robbery. She acted on impulse. As the thief passed her she swung the heavy stop signal. It came squarely down upon the head of the fugitive, driving him off his feet. Norma seized the satchel he had dropped, flung it into the shelter shed, and, darting back to where the miscreant lay, menaced him anew with her strange weapon as he weakly essayed to regain his feet, meantime shouting to some track men at a distance for assistance.

The young man despoiled was carried to the little house where he lay until a doctor arrived. He had received a bad cut in the head, but in a few hours was able to proceed on his way. It developed that he was the president of the road, and the satchel which he was carrying when assailed contained the pay roll of the car shops.

Percy Cleveland stopped at the little cottage on his way back to the depot. His bright eyes flashed admiration for the lovely heroine who had saved the company a goodly sum. A week later he made a second visit to Norma, this time in his automobile, and after that he became a regular triweekly visitor to the car shops, and, incidentally, the little home.

When Norma Burton returned to her own home and her mother noticed the engagement ring, Norma flushed deliciously and modestly told the name of her fiance. Her father opened his eyes to their widest, as he realized that his artless little trackwoman had made "the catch of the season," as he expressed it proudly to a close friend.

Tobacco-Growing In Ontario.

An unusually active demand for tobacco-growing land has developed in the Delhi district, fifteen large farms having been purchased recently by tobacco growers from the Southern States and from Leamington.

The Trail Smelter.

It is estimated that the value of metal output at the Trail, B.C., Smelter during 1926 reached nearly $38,000,000. This is nearly six times what it was in 1921.

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24-6m

KNOWS HIS GROCERIES.

Freddy, with a determined look on his small countenance, marched into the front room and up to his sister's ardent suitor.

"What's them?" he demanded thrusting out a grimy hand full of small white objects.

"What are those?" said the young man with an ingratiating smile. "Those are beans."

"He does know 'em, maw," bawled Freddy triumphantly into the adjoining room. "You said he didn't."

* * *

SAVINGS PROVE THRIFT.

West Orange, N.J.—Otto N. Szant, 12, has learned that good character and an ability to save money, are sufficient to establish one's credit at the bank. Otto entered the West Orange Trust company with his tin bank and told President Van Riper that he needed $2 to buy a kennel for his dog. The boy's bank contained just $3.29, which showed that Otto could save. The desire to have a kennel for his dog showed character. So Otto walked out of the bank with a $2 loan for three months at 6 per cent.

* * *

WANTS MORE WHISKERS.

New York—America needs more whiskers. That is what the Rev. Harold S. Rambo said here in a plea for a return to the hirsute styles of his boyhood. In those days beards were things of propriety, of distinction, and according to Rev. Rambo, were the crowning emblems of righteousness and success. "Poets were men who had long, flowing beards," the speaker declared. "When I pictured a general I thought of men like Grant and Lee."

* * *

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE. *The Great English Preparation. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins ● Used for Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory. Price $2 per box, 3, for $5 ● Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. ● New pamphlet mailed free.* **THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.**

23-1-y

Kingston Orangemen are already making preparations for a big celebration there in July 12th.

The County Council is in session at their chambers in the Court House.

One Robin doesn't make the Spring. Lots of cold weather ahead. VANLUVEN, Phone 92. A Black Business Handled White.

Miss Blanche Hawley, a teacher in West Ward school had the misfortune to fall and break her left arm on Wednesday of last week.

The building formerly occupied by Sills' garage on Mill street, has been leased for a term of years for a cream and butter plant.

Mr. James Graham, of Sydenham, has purchased the farm on the South River Road, known as the John Gates farm, and will occupy it shortly.

The Streets Committee did a real good job on Monday, when they put the street sweeper to work and cleaned up the winter's accumulation of dirt on Dundas, John and East streets.

The members of the Napanee Fire Brigade wish to publicly thank the Dominion Canners for a check for $25.00, in appreciation of their services at the recent fire in their Napanee plant.

St. Andrew's United Church Annual St. Patrick's Supper. We are having our famous Irish Stew again, and a good programme. Remember the date, Thursday, March 17th, at 6 p.m. Tickets 50c.

A most delightful concert was held in the school room of Grace United Church on Thursday evening last, under the auspices of The Helping Hand Bible Class. The programme was furnished entirely by local talent and was much enjoyed by a large crowd. The proceeds, which amounted to about $50.00, will go towards the renovation of the Sunday School room.

The annual Provincial Convention of the Ontario Prohibition Union will be held in Massey Hall Toronto, on Wednesday, March 16, 1927. There will be three sessions, morning, afternoon and evening. The Executive will meet on Tuesday for final consideration of policy and business to be presented to the Convention.

A. J. IRWIN, President.
W. W. PECK, Secretary.

Two deer wandered fearlessly through the village of Yarker last week. The local game warden on Saturday followed their tracks toward Camden East. As far as he went they had not been hunted or disturbed. It is unusual for deer to venture into the more settled parts of the country, and shows that they must be quite plentiful in the north.

The Syracuse Sunday Herald of March 6th, contained a photograph of Reginald Wiseman, who took a prominent part in a recital given by Countess Helmy Smirnova in the Wieting Theatre, Syracuse, on March 10th, singing two solos, "A Dream," and "The Gipsy Trail." The Herald speaks of him as the young Syracuse baritone. His teacher, Mr. Robert Kock, formerly of The Metropolitan Opera Co., of New York City, also took part in the recital.

The many friends of Misses Olive McMillan and Mary McGrath, Napanee's talented vocalists, will be delighted to learn of the well-deserved honors which were conferred upon them at the recent examinations held at Belleville centre. Both young ladies, who are pupils of Prof. W. Ernest Wheatley, A.R.C.O., of Belleville, were awarded first-class certificates in singing by the Canadian College of Music, the examiner being Dr. Arthur Bennett, L.L.C.M., of Toronto.

"A new heart will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you," Ezek. 36-26; "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord; and he delighteth in His way," Ps. 37-23; The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness," Prov. 16-31; "I will pray the Father and He shall give you another Comforter that He may abide with you forever," John 14-16; "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you," John 14-1, 2.

Angry words, O let them never,
From the tongue unbridled slip,
May the hearts best impulse ever,
Check them ere they soil the lip.

A BIBLE LOVER.

WORLD'S BEST FARMER.

Won "World's Championship" In Both Wheat and Oats.

A young Alberta engineer who with no capital, turned to the land ten years ago when dissatisfied with his profession is, to-day the most famous farmer in North America.

He is the first man in history to win the "world's championship" in both wheat and oats for the same farmer—a feat he accomplished with his exhibits at the international hay and grain show at Chicago.

The new grain king's name is Herman Trelle, and his farm is at Wembley, in the far-northern Peace River country of Alberta.

Ten years ago he did not know the difference between wheat and oats; now he is adjudged to have produced better wheat and better oats than anyone else in the world. The homestead of 160 acres which he first took up was extended to 480 acres while he developed his wonder grains.

Mr. Trelle, who is only thirty-one years old, has attained success by using all available Government bulletins, studying reports of experimental farms, and carefully following instructions.

His victory means that Canada is predominant by right of title in the two most important grains for another year.—Tit-Bits.

C. P. R. Hotel for Toronto.

Official announcement that the Canadian Pacific Railway has purchased the Queen's Hotel, fronting the new Union Station, and will erect on that site a 1,000-room hotel, was made by E. W. Beatty, K.C., chairman and President of the C. P. R., who said that this site was selected after a good deal of study of the situation and that within fifteen months one of the best hotels in the country would be made available.

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mrs. W. A. Daly spent last week in Toronto.

Mr. Mel. Taylor spent the week-end in Woodstock.

Miss Aletha Scott spent the week-end in Toronto.

Rev. W. R. and Mrs. Tanton are in Toronto for a few days.

Mr. Geo. Winter has returned from spending the winter in New York State.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaskin, Kingston, are guests of their daughter, Mrs. T. M. Galbraith.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Foster, of Buffalo, N.Y., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. D. Ryan, Centre street.

Mrs. Stewart Lochhead and children, Port Colborne, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Brown, Centreville.

Mr. Roy McLaughlin, of Winnipeg, is here on a visit to his mother and brother, Mrs. J. H. McLaughlin and Dr. McLaughlin.

Mrs. C. L. Gordon and children, of Kingston, spent the week-end in Napanee guests of her brother, Dr. R. V. McLaughlin.

Sheriff Vandervoort attended the Sheriff's Convention in Toronto last week.

Mr. J. L. Smith, South Fredericksburgh, has returned from spending a couple of months with his son, Dr. Morley Smith, in New York.

Mr. W. E. Loyst and Mr. Tom Ketcheson, of Belleville, are attending the Gaoler's Convention in Toronto this week.

Rev. J. H. H. Coleman was the preacher at the ordination service in St. George's Cathedral, Kingston, on Sunday.

Rev. Gaay Eakins, who occupied the pulpit in St. Mary Magdalene church on Sunday, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Robinson.

Mrs. W. J. Campbell, of Hamilton, who has been in Belleville visiting her mother and attending the wedding of her sister, Miss Bertha Lazier Eaton, will arrive in Napanee Wednesday noon and will be the guest of Mrs. J. Geale Daly, John street, for a few days.

BIRTHS

McPherson—At Napanee, on Saturday, March 12th, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. John McPherson, a daughter—Jean.

DEATHS

Bogart—At Napanee, on Monday, March 14th, 1927, Marshall Campbell Bogart.

Killorin—At Napanee, on Saturday, March 12th, 1927, James Killorin, aged 57 years, 9 months.

RECLINING BUDDHA OF PEGU.

Lay Completely Hidden Near Ancient City of Pegu.

Colossal images of Buddha are to be found in various parts of India, says a writer in a Calcutta paper.

The majority of these are upright figures and as Burma is so different from India in many ways it is only natural that it should also supply us with a change in the matter of colossal images. Behold then the Shwe-tha-yaung, the enormous recumbent image of Buddha—

"That lay for years forgotten
To dwellers of the plain,
Near Pegu's ancient city
'Tween Rangoon and Moulmein."

The word Shwe-tha-yaung is a corruption of Shwebinthayaung which was the name given to figures of the great teacher in a recumbent attitude which he assumed shortly before his death.

It was not until the early eighties that the huge image here described was discovered and the story of the discovery is interesting. The railway was being built and a party was sent out to look for laterite to be used as ballast. The country around was a dense jungle and the colossal Buddha, 180 feet long and 50 feet high at the shoulder, lay completely hidden by the heavy growth. How long it had been there no one knows and it was left to those men who had gone out in search of ballast to rescue it from oblivion. The fact that it had lain forgotten for so many years and that practically no information could be gathered from the local inhabitants at the time is a striking commentary on the thoroughness of the destruction wrought upon the ancient city of Pegu, for many centuries the capital of the Talaing kingdom, by that vagabond chieftain Alaungpya or Alompra, who invaded and destroyed the city in 1757.

Both the figure and the platform on which it rests are of brick covered with plaster. Since its restoration to the world the Burmese people have taken great pains to look after this interesting "find."

Said It Once to Often.

A Scot's farmer who had married a rich wife was constantly irritated by having this thrown up at him by the wife herself and by her relations. Whenever he bought anything, or made any improvement on the farm, it was always, 'Aye, but if it hadna been for my siller it wadna be here." One day he brought back from the market a fine cow which he had bought for a mere song. While he was exhibiting the animal to an admiring group of farmhands, his wife came on the scene. "Weel, Maggie," he said proudly, "isn't she a braw beastie?" "Aye," she replied coldly, "but if it hadna been for my siller she wadna be here." Exasperated beyond endurance the farmer bellowed out, "No, wumman, and if it hadna been for your siller ye wadna ha' been here yersel'!"

The Faithful Jackdaw.

At Helpston, near Peterborough, is a tame jackdaw, owned by a schoolboy, Reginald Martin. The jackdaw usually follows his master to school.

One day recently the jackdaw discovered Reginald setting out for Stamford market in an automobile.

He flew six miles in the wake of the car to the market, helped in the shopping, lost the car for a few minutes, found it again, and returned home safely by wing-power.

SPRING - *Glorious* - SPRING

Robinson's Spring Fashion Week, March 18 to 24

Special Displays of New Merchandise in all Departments

The wrappings have been removed from the Spring Fashions. Our present assemblage of wearing apparel, piece goods, home-furnishings and accessories translates the style news completely—smartly—accurately. Brilliant colorings in compose and degrade themes add chic and charm to the all conquering straight-line silhouette, whose authenticity is stressed in all The Marts of The Fashion World. In wearing apparel our Spring and Easter collections exemplify the fashions that "make the mode," they are neither extreme or bizarre—but they do revel in excellent materials, clever designing, unique ornamentation and outstanding value..

We invite your inspection of the new merchandise on Opening Days.

Spring Fashion Week

Friday and Saturday, March 18-19

Special window and interior displays of Women's and Misses' wearing apparel, millinery, accessories. Men's wear and furnishings.

Monday and Tuesday, March 21-22

Special window and department displays of Silks, Woollens, Wash Goods and trimmings.

Wednesday & Thursday, March 23-24

Special window and department displays of floor covernig, curtains and draperies.

Feel at Home

We want you to visit our store Opening Days—or any day for that matter—to feel at home, to leisurely examine the new stocks, to compare our styles, our new materials, our greater than ever value. Learn for yourself at first hand just how advantageously you can shop at Robinson's.

Fashions' Most Bewitching Millinery

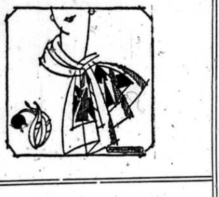
—At Robinson's

New as the moment, absolutely the last word in Spring and Easter smartness. Not one, but dozens and dozens of them, cleverly portraying successful new modes and colors.

Crowns have realized their highest ambitions and are now tending toward more ordinary planes. High draped models still exist, while much chic is "tucked" away in many interesting and artistic ways. Drooping brims tell of Spring smartness, while face framing brims are equally as flattering.

The Compose and Degrade themes so new this season are responsible for many beguiling new color and fabric combinations.

Accessories That Bedeck The Spring Mode

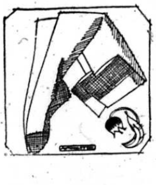


Scarfs

Continue to be exceedingly popular for the Spring season. They come in a wealth of delightful spring-like tones that add much in the way of "chic" to any costume. Fashioned usually in Crepe, Georgette or Crepe-de-chine, they come in solid and plain shades or in figured designs with contrasting colors.

Silk Hosiery

Pure thread, full fashioned, service weight Silk Hose. Silk comes to the welt, marvel stripe to prevent runs, mercerized lisle top. The new shades for Spring are Atmosphere, Cheri, Hoggar, Tille and Sonata.



Easter Gloves

Show a marked preference for silk. These come in styles displaying fancy cuffs, embroidered in contrasting shades, others have self stitching for ornamentation.

Gloves are chosen in shades that match with hosiery.

Many styles await your inspection.

The Tides of Fashions Offer Compelling Varieties In the New Spring Silks and Woollens

She who Plans and Sews can create her Spring Wardrobe in an Individual Manner

The new materials are in, and they offer infinite possibilities to the woman of creative impluse. Many new fabrics are to the fore, while Paris, at her most recent openings, fostered Printed Crepes, Satins for evening, and Woollen Fabrics for sports wear.

Spring Woollens

In woollen fabrics the range is truly one deserving of special praise.

Plain, checks and plaids vie with each other in popularity. Compose effects loom largely in the new style garments.

Among the wanted weaves are the following:

Ottoman Faille, 38 and 54 inches wide, fine woollens in French Nun's Vestry and Vigoreux Cloth, new effects in silk and wool Jersey, Charmeen, Broadcloth, Novelty Plaids and Checks.

Spring Silks

The vogue for silken fabrics becomes more general each season. Today the weaves are more beautiful than ever.

Foulards occupy a first place in the assortment. Fancy Silk Crepes are shown in great variety. Flat Crepe in rich colorings and several good qualities.

Crepe-de-chine, Crepe Faille, Silk Souplesse, Satin Face Crepe, Taffeta in plain and checks, plain and plaid silk Fuji.

Spring Shades

New shades, rich shades will be seen in all their glory this coming season. One of the popular ideas will be the blending together in one dress of two or more shades. This is called the compose effect. This blending of colors applies to silks and woollens.

Among the new Spring shades will be found Rose Blush, Bois de Rose, Sun Tan, Wood Rose, Fawn, Sand, Sleeping Beauty (Palmetto Green), Goblin Blue, Brittany Blue, Black, Navy, Marrow Glace, Castillian Red. White will also be in large demand.

Quality,
Service.
Value.

THE ROBINSON CO.
LIMITED

We close at 10 p.m. Saturdays. Other days at 5.30 p.m.